

Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE,
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Cincinnati, Saturday, December 10, 1892.

Volume XI, No. 24.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

My Spirit Home.

Given through the mediumship of J. B. Leslie, of New Albany, Ind., the controlling spirit giving his name in the opening acrostic.

While thinking of my youthful dreams,
And life's great struggle with scanty means,
Rich only in thought of the life beyond,
Ripe old age immortally crowned,
Eden of peace, sweet rest from all care,
Now opens her gate and welcomes me there.
Come over, dear soul, thy treasures receive,
Have faith in the truths thou didst believe,
A voice so sweet, so gentle, so kind,
Says: Accept thy reward as a sacred bond,
Eternal growth in the life beyond.

Since the questions are so often asked: Where is the home of the soul? And how are our departed friends employed in their spirit homes? I will attempt to give a detailed description of my own, that mortal friends may know that "the lone one," who endeavored to bear his portion of the ups and downs of the earth life, that the beautiful faith of Spiritualism might be extended, has not been forgotten in regard to his promised immortal home, the possession of which he now enjoys, and for which he is constantly praising the eternal God, as also for all the rich gifts that have come to him since his eyes first caught sight of the rising sun in spirit life.

Picture not to yourselves my home as far beyond the stars, nor in a great city with mansions, where walls are of jasper, and where streets are paved with gold; where the only employment is to sing psalms, hold palms, and wear a jeweled crown. Think not that a life devoted to aiding my fellow men to see the truth as it did, and continues to exist, or a mind that was active in earnest endeavor to know more of all existing life, and the great force that formed and perpetuates it. Or, a soul no longer hampered with the mortal coil; privileged to float through the immensity of space, feeding on the wonders that fill it; breathing the pure atmosphere that is continually circulating through it, and drinking to the soul's satisfaction from the great springs of knowledge that are constantly pouring forth to satisfy the immortal intelligence could be content to sit down for thousands of years, only to sing songs, and pick a harp, that would grow painfully monotonous in the extreme—knowing that the vast multitude of wonderful and glorious parts of the eternal creation, were rusting out for want of investigation, that must have been created for a better purpose viz: To charm, to satisfy, and to employ the immortal soul, until it shall grow to possess a giant intellect, capable of grasping God's wonderfully created system, and daily laying hold of the great magnets he has placed all along the line, as powerful incentives to lead us on and up the hill of investigation, whose summit shall be the entrance to a vast plain of knowledge, the area of which is unmeasurable by thought or even time itself.

The spirit home is as natural to spirit land as an earthly home can be to mortal land, only the comparison between the two can not be conceived by mortals as it really is. You have your homes, your several apartments in these homes, beautifully decorated with paintings, and bric-a-brac, that harmonize with your tastes and desires, so far as your earthly means will allow. You have conveniences and comforts in that home, such as meet your various demands. You have your lawns, be-spangled with beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants. You have your beautiful gardens and conservatories of flowers, you have your sweet singing birds and pets from the animal kingdom, as best harmonize with your ideal of such things. Your children have their sports, most natural and pleasing, to gratify youth's desires, you enjoy your walks in the gardens and parks, your drives in the country, your fishing, hunting, and picnic parties. You cherish the old acquaintances formed all along, during your social intercourse with your fellow men, and enjoy the new accessions to your list of friends as the years go by. You find pleasure in some sort of avocation, by which you are physically employed and developed. You enjoy the fine arts and mental investigations of every kind. All these things with many others that might be mentioned, go to make up much of your mortal existence. Then just step over from your home to mine for a time, that I may show you how like, and yet how unlike it is to the earth home.

We first arrive at a beautiful stream of clear, cold, crystal water that outskirts my home, gurgling its merry song, as it courses on its way over rocks and pebbles, dashing down the falls, sparkling on its way over the tiny ripples, displaying its mysterious garment of light and shadow, forming itself into mirrors, from which it reflects the weeping willows as their limbs bow their heads to drink of the sweet waters below; the little shrubs, robed in green garments of lacy texture, over which are vines of various shades, hues, and colors, climbing on and up into the bosom of the tallest trees, whose leaves of dark green and golden hues, of various sizes, growing upon limbs, covered with moss of a thousand shades and colors, shaping themselves into festoons of the most graceful kind, through which beautiful birds of many kinds and colors are basking in the rays of sunlight, that peep through to gladden their little hearts. In reply to which they send forth praise to their creator, in songs of sweetest notes, so charming as they fall upon the ear of the spirits, who recline along the mossy banks, jetted with the most perfect flowers, whose fragrance charms them to repose in harmony and love as they watch the gold and silver fish playing their part in the jeweled waters that bespeak a knowledge of God's infinite love and care. Floating on and up the stream to its head, which is fed by a beautiful fountain, about which grows water lilies and plants of many kinds, with up-turned faces to catch the spray as it falls from the fountain streams, forming beautiful rainbows as it descends through the sunlight and mingles with the perfumed breath of the flowers that rise to praise the creator of all good and perfect gifts. Crossing this stream on a beautiful rustic bridge, twined and intertwined with ivies and ferns, we enter "Friendship Garden," a treasure always to be found among the possessions of every spirit home, so-called by the peculiar way in which the flowers are obtained that grow therein. Every friend and new acquaintance, made in spirit life, presents us with a plant, whose flowers are perpetual. And should these gifts reach into millions, no two flow-

ers in a garden will be alike; for by the peculiarity of each flower, we remember and cherish love for the giver. 'Tis in this garden we study deeply into the wondrous laws of botany, learning to propagate and care for these precious treasures that we receive and give in exchange. The perfume of these flowers that envelope us while passing through the garden, and the gorgeous beauty displayed to our intelligences by the association of such rich colors, tints, and shades, together with the pure thoughts and fond remembrances they bring, is like clothing the spirit with robes of eternal beauty and fragrance inexpressible.

Leaving "Friendship Garden" by way of pebbly walks along which are artistic displays of flowers, shrubs, and other designs of art formations, with here and there small fountains, fed from one of huge dimension in the center of the garden, all of which furnished irrigation for the plants, by the spray that is carried from them, and deposited by the gentle zephyrs of the purest kind upon their green robes and open flowers. On our way we pass a beautiful lake, whose waters are so clear and pure that every particle of life they contain is clearly visible even to the bottom. Upon its bosom floats the graceful swan, and along its banks are water lilies and plants of many kinds. Playing beneath these are gold fish of various sizes; extending from the land upon overhanging trees are vines that form an arbor, where lies my pretty pleasure boat in which we may embark, that will float at our will, over and across the waters, where we may inhale atmosphere that gives our spirits strength, vigor, and continual rest. From these waters and their surroundings we learn much regarding the utility of water that we saw not in the earth life.

From this lake we pass on into a garden of fruit and ornamental trees of all descriptions. 'Tis here the art of pruning is studied, shaping the ornamental trees so as to produce picturesque scenes, and the fruit trees to produce fruit of many kinds in the most perfect state of growth. Here we learn many interesting facts regarding God's great laws of nature, relating to horticulture. From this garden we feast on the spiritual fruits that are productions of our wonderful investigations; or as we bask in the shadows cast from the ornamental trees, under which rustic seats are placed of many styles and designs, pillowed with the softest moss for reclining purposes for those who delight to tarry here.

Passing on we come to a grand park that extends along sloping ground, from which can be seen in the distance, across a beautiful valley, many elevated pieces of ground, arranged and decorated as only nature knows how, that are occupied by other spirits for their homes. We are in a city of homes, not as cities are built in the earth life, for we have plenty of room (my home covers several acres, as would be measured in earth life).

Interspersed throughout this park are many kinds of beautiful statuary, displaying the most wonderful workmanship in art, all of which have been presented me by some of the great sculptors whom I have met in spirit life. All the drives in this park are paved with shells of many kinds, shapes, and colors; all polished like the finest mirrors, and the rich colors, and tints, made brilliant by the soft sunlight; and moonlight is gorgeous to behold. The trees, lawns of velvety texture, beautifully arranged designs of flowers, little streams of pure, clear, cold water, flowing on down to the valley; over tiny pebbles of many colors; conveniences for childhood sports and adult comforts and pleasures; beautiful arbors, cool retreats, sunlit lawns, rocky glens, gorgeous ravines, mossy banks, jeweled caves, and nature's great display of wonderful things furnish beautiful specimens for the study of geology.

As we emerge from this park, we come out upon a magnificent lawn, dotted over, and partially surrounded by tropical trees and plants, about which can be seen domestic animals, and birds of sweet song and plumage. This lawn slopes down to the edge of a body of water, whose surface reflects the shadows of numerous islands, rising from its crystal bosom, each one robed in nature's beauty, four of which are symbolic of the seasons. The gorgeous display of the heavens, as the sun or moon rises and sets, reflecting changing colors and tints, that light up the edge of the massive clouds, penetrating through those of thinner texture, blend all together into one great panorama of loveliness. And as the night comes on, reflecting the silvery stars, twinkling like jewels in the deep blue sky, singing and dancing, as it were, merry festivities to the moon as she gracefully descends the western sky, making way for the more glorious orb, that soon will rise to waken all nature from sleep, add beauty to the scene.

The "Spring Island," symbolic of youth, beautifully formed and studded with trees, shrubs, plants, and grass, over which nature has spread her Spring robe, or veil, in all her shades of green, is charming to look upon.

The "Summer Island," symbolic of middle age, displays her fields of golden grain, her trees, and vines laden with delicious ripe fruit, and all her symbols of harvest time, give lessons of passing years.

The "Fall Island," symbolic of declining age, is most charming to the eye. Her trees and plants of many tints, blend together from the deepest red to the softest cream white, interspersed with a few green leaves, loath to give up their youth, teaches us nature's great capacity in the art of colors.

The "Winter Island," symbolic of hoary old age, is gorgeous to behold, as the sunlight falls upon her leafless trees and shrubs, whose robe of green has been changed to snow, ice, and frost, and woven into numberless patterns, causes the whole island to stand out like one massive diamond of diamonds, to deck the bosom of the crystal waters that glisten in the cold frosty air.

Just beyond the waters, towering high into the sky, a range of mountains, covered with beautiful evergreens, from between which huge rocks are protruding, are symbolic of eternal life in its condition of lasting freshness.

Leaving this interesting spot and passing through a little forest, after nature's own plan, full of wild interests and pure sweet air, coming out into a little grove, crossing a lawn, we arrive again at "Friendship Garden," having made a circular tour, the ground of which slopes to the valley below. Passing up the main avenue of "Friendship Garden," we come to my home, standing on an eminence that overlooks all these grounds, and far, far into the distance.

(To be concluded.)

The people have spoken and Democracy will take another lease of four years as the policy of government.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

SPIRITUALITY.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

The Materialism of the present age expresses itself in utility. It is pre-eminently an age of utilitarianism. The practical faculties are in the ascendant, and it is these faculties that are the most susceptible to inspiration in the masses. See with what bewildering rapidity inventions multiply. The Patent Office at Washington is constantly besieged, and patent-lawyers all over the country are on a full tide of successful business. Our book publishers are daily accepting or rejecting new candidates for the distinction of authorship. The various professions are rapidly being recruited from the ranks of those who feel that their calling lies in the direction of professional life. Banking and insurance companies receive their proportionate ratio of accessions, and the mercantile and commercial interests suffer no lack of development.

The government credit seems securely established in the confidence of the great money powers of the world, and the industrial interests of the whole country team with success. Wages for labor keeps pace with the cost of the necessities of life, for the most part, and the wrongs of the laboring classes seem to find no lack of earnest champions for redress.

In the midst of this marvelous baptism of the times with the spirit of utilitarianism, the Churches are quiet. No great waves of revivalistic excitement disturb their even tenor. No spasmodic outpourings of the spirit resulting more in revivings of the spirit of sectarian bitterness and narrowness than aught else. And yet in the midst of all this absorbing practicality, this imperative sway of utility, no observing person can fail to perceive that there never was a time when the interest in the direction of the unseen—the spiritual—was so universal as it is to-day.

Spirituality, which means a quickened sense of a deeper life in truth, is pervading the minds of the people more universally than at any period before in the history of the world. This is evident in many ways, and in none more so than in the direction of literature. It is astonishing with what avidity every new book which contains hints of the truths of Spiritualism, or even friendly allusions to the great movement, is seized upon by the public. It needs only a sidewise glance of friendship for the ideas and brevities of this great subject, to procure for a book widespread demand.

This is a sign of the times pregnant with meaning, and that should be freighted with courage and cheer to every spiritualist. Such books as Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds," "The Field of Ardath," and "The Soul of Lilith," such books as "Dreams of the Dead," "The Woman of Mars," are read by the masses, and though they contain much that seems visionary and vague, they are enriched with many of the choicest gems of our philosophy.

It is not very long ago that the press had nothing but ridicule, misrepresentation, and abuse to heap upon any book that spoke leniently of Spiritualism, or that sought to establish the claims made in its behalf, and even the secular press could only sneer and revile. Now, even such books as Florence Maryatt's "There is no Death" meets with respectful consideration in quarters where we would least expect it.

Thus literature affords us most cheering evidence of the progress of our faith. Almost every new and valuable book issued by leading publishers is tinged with our distinctive philosophy, and frequently presents the undisguised facts of spiritual intercourse. There is little sale for anti-progressive books, except among those who reside outside the pale of—we had almost said civilization—we mean newspaperdom, in remote places where intelligence is some fifty or a hundred years behind the present day. Where the sun of truth shines brightest there the spirit of progress leads the movements of the people, and in spite of the persistent and determined efforts of religious bigots, of both Catholic and Protestant faith, who thoroughly alarmed by the rapid advancement of true spirituality and the marvelous increase of power and influence on the part of Spiritualism, are making desperate attempts to roll back the wheels of progress by striking at our glorious free school system, by mad efforts for the establishment of a State religion on the part of Roman Catholicism, and the equally dangerous efforts on the part of Protestant bigots to foist upon the country a God-and-Christ-freighted constitution, thus compelling a return to the days of blind, unreasoning servility to religious authority.

The grand all-controlling idea of the day is progression toward religious liberty in its largest extent, toward political freedom in its broadest construction, toward social equality in its highest sense, toward a purer spirituality than the world has ever before known, resulting in the establishment of the kingdom of harmony on earth where peace shall brood over the nations, righteousness rule the Church, justice the State, and a close and holy relation be established between mankind and the heavenly spheres.

This is the grand mission of Spiritualism. For this the angelic cohorts labor unceasingly. For the accomplishment of this grand result let us pray unceasingly the fervent, effectual prayer of unwearied effort, never losing sight of the inspiring fact that we are co-workers with the angels.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE PASSING OF SATOLLI.

WILLARD J. HULL.

There is much speculation as to the true nature of the errand which has brought Archbishop Satolli, Pope Leo's Legatee, to this country at this time. According to the news gathered from various sources his mission is to take part in the differences among the American archbishops and bishops relative to the school question. He got here in time for the late council held behind closed doors in New York City, where the archbishops congregated for purposes best known to themselves, and which will become apparent as the pastoral letters are read from time to time by the priests in the churches. One of the objects of the conference was supposed to be the placing of a ban upon those secret organizations not already anathematized, but no secret society is more secret than this body of churchmen have been in their deliberations. As papal delegate Satolli will possess supreme power in all ecclesiastical affairs in this country. What the Pope would be were he to transfer his prison house from the Vatican to the

free institutions of the United States, that will his legatee be. Therefore the importance of his visit can not be over-estimated. That he comes armed with supreme power, to which every Roman prelate must bow, is all the more interesting because nobody knows the exact nature of his office. His instructions are in part public and in part private. The great body of Roman Catholics are just as much in the dark as outsiders are, but it is not at all doubtful that the masses of communicants will subject themselves to any edict he may put forth, hence their ignorance must not be construed as an element of defense against any usurpation that may be attempted.

It is well known that a strong hostility exists amongst the various archbishops relative to matters of Church government and Satolli may have to take a hand in adjusting these matters. The great growth of Catholicism in the United States in recent years has awakened a thirst for power in the head of many a bishop and many a priest, and efforts to obtain more lucrative positions have been made. These will demand Satolli's attention. But perhaps the most important of his work will be on the parochial school problem. The first great step in the acquirement of a Roman hierarchy in this country will be the breaking up of the common school system. Every indication points to that end. It is needed that a weather eye be kept out since the indefinite action taken by the late conference anent the school question only creates more confusion. It is not at all probable that the implied permission to send Catholic children to the public schools and their parents arrange for religious teaching at home or in Sunday schools contemplate the withdrawal of the siege laid at the common school system. It is to be hoped that these prelates do not underestimate the movement in behalf of the integrity and maintenance of the schools now being inaugurated, and there may be a policy in the pronounced change in their tactics. How far the powers of Satolli have acted in this direction remains to be seen as the future reveals it, but that the cunning of consummate priestcraft is at the bottom of it, there can be no doubt. Satolli is prepared to voice specifically the papal designs in these matters. He is also to represent the Vatican at the World's Fair, and the McGlynn case will be resurrected and the excommunicated apostle of Henry George will be given another chance to show cause why he has not been justly damned for the crime of thinking for himself. All these matters will make Satolli's visit extremely interesting for himself at least. He is fifty-three years old, born at Marciano in the archdiocese of Perugia in 1839; was created Archbishop of Tepanto, Italy, in 1888, prior to which event he was for many years professor of dogmatic theology in the propaganda at Rome.

(From our Reporter's Note Book.)

A SPLENDID PUBLIC SEANCE.

Nearly four hundred persons gathered at G. A. R. Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, to attend a public seance, given for the benefit of one of our spiritual institutions in this city. Whether this assembly was composed of skeptics or friends of the cause, is indifferent, conditions seemed to be favorable nevertheless, as was evinced by the satisfactory and remarkable results. The meeting was opened by the chairman, who introduced the mediums, Mrs. A. E. Kibby, Mrs. Plymouth Weeks, Messrs. A. Willis, F. M. Donovan, and H. W. Archer, with Mrs. M. A. Ross at the organ, discoursing sweet music at intervals.

The first medium introduced was Mrs. Kibby, who, after speaking a few words, gave a number of interesting tests, which were recognized. This lady was followed by Mrs. Weeks, who also gave tests. The latter, though a comparatively new medium, did excellently well.

In the meantime a committee was appointed to examine, clean, and nail up a number of slates for the purpose of testing the slate-writing mediums, Messrs. Willis and Donovan. When ready, the slates were equally divided and placed in two piles upon two tables fronting the audience, the mediums seating themselves each at one of the tables, surrounded by the committee, while one slate was suspended to a chandelier over Mr. Donovan's head.

While waiting for manifestations Mrs. Kibby gave some more tests, which, however, took but a few minutes—all done in full gas light. Then the slates were piled open and upon nearly all of them were spirit messages, signed by names recognized by some one in the audience. The slate hung on the chandelier also contained a lengthy and interesting communication. These tests were most remarkable, being given under conditions that precluded all possible chance of collusion or trickery. The time has come, as prophesied not so very long ago, that spiritual manifestations of a pronounced order would be given in public. But this was not all. A very pleasing feature was reserved for the close. This was the introduction of a brand new platform test medium in the form of Mr. H. W. Archer, the heretofore known materializing medium. The chairman hardly had time to introduce this gentleman before he arose in trance under control of "Peggy Jackson," a recently departed colored woman, who made a neat little speech full of wisdom and healthy home talk. While she was as grave as one of her age—nearly a hundred when she passed over—could be, she was not without that genuine humor only known to the aged Southern negroes. And while she gave only personal tests, she never failed to interest the entire audience by her blunt expressions. To say that the tests coming through Mr. Archer are most convincing and remarkable, is putting it mildly. If not already so, he will be, ere long, in the front rank of platform test mediums. There is no hesitancy in giving a dozen names of spirits, belonging to different persons, almost in one breath, nor in giving the most pronounced descriptions of them. Repudiation was impossible and nobody hesitated about acknowledging the tests, as they went to the core with a hearty innocence about them that was enticing. Applause was generously granted. At the close his control thanked the audience for kind attention and the mediums who gave their support to this entertainment, which was a most gratifying one in every respect.

Cholera is still active in Europe. Clean streets, clean dwellings, and clean bodies will do more than prayers to keep it out of the country.

Sere and yellow Autumn has not nestled in the arms of Winter during the past few days.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

PLEASANT READING. No. 1.

BY ARLINGTON.

It is said the newspaper is an educator. So I think, and it is a great deal more. We sit down at a lonely evening. No one is near to talk with, and we do not wish to go out. We look about for means to while away the slow-going hours. There is the newspaper. It comes from the heart of the great world. It still quivers with the pulse of the tide of thought. It is itself concrete and crystallized thought. There are sermons and stories; light and heavy reading; tragedy and comedy; dry-as-dust statistics, and sparkling wit, something to suit every taste.

To-day I read and clipped the things that struck me as essentially good, and I then reviewed my clippings and put them together.

Here is a short story with a great deal of human nature in it.

"One day a Lie broke out of its inclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the Premises saw it after it had started, and was sorry that he had not made the inclosure tight.

So he called his swiftest Truth, and said:

"A Lie has gone loose, and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back, or kill it!"

So the swift Truth started out after the Lie.

But the Lie had one Hour the Start.

At the end of the first day the Lie was going Lickety-split. The Truth was a long way behind, and it was getting tired.

It has not yet caught up.

And never will.

From the column of wit I culled the wittiest sayings, not many, for the funny men are all of a past generation, and one needs a "patent tickler" to laugh at current jokes.

"It is a terrible wrench to one's confidence in human nature when your family physician says he is sorry to find you ill."

"The girl who marries for money usually has a look on her face after marriage that indicates that she is having trouble collecting her salary."

A certain Hiram Pease died lately in Manhattan. Here is the intended self-written epitaph:

"Beneath this sod and under these trees,
Lies all that is left of Hiram Pease;
He is not here—his only his pod,
His soul is shelled out and gone to God."

His executors, however, cut it down to the following:

"Here lies the pod; the Pease are in heaven."

Then somebody, after another member of the family had joined the majority, rhymed again the epitaph, and this is how it stands to day:

"The pods are here beneath the sod,
The Pease are shelled and gone to God."

There is homely truthfulness even in jokes, as when Billings says: "What the world wants now is less religion and more common sense. Watch and pray is the price of living in this world, and you are going to get cheated three times out of five, even then."

I like a column of wise saws and proverbs by eminent men. It is a curiosity to read that *Wixon* said: "Defeat is not a failure, nor is disaster disgrace."

To have written that he must have been defeated and felt the keen thrust of disgrace, and when we want an excuse for silence, because we have not an idea to speak about, Carlyle refreshes and gives us dignity by saying the deepest force is always the stillest. How silent is thought.

The small boy is next to the Irishman in getting off wise sayings in the form of jokes.

"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?" "Guess I ain't sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eye from the cork, "hain't had a bite."

It was possibly the same boy who being asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to, answered, "They practice law a spell here and then go to the legislature."

It was a small girl of vast intellect who gave the following prayer the other night:

"God bless papa, mamma, and Auntie Jule, and make me a good little girl. An' now, God, please take care of yourself, for you know you're the boss of us all."

On the heels of this came a sentence from Carlyle:

"The wealth of a man is in the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by."

We take exceptions, for it is not so much number as amount. A man may have only a few things to bless him, and yet be vastly blessed. As for instance, Tim Hanigan, who has only four things! health, a wife, a child, and a shovel, and yet if the whole world were placed on one side, and Tim's wife, child, and shovel on the other, barring his health, he'd say for him there was no choice at all.

In an article by Hudson Tuttle I find a beautiful comparison:

"There is a plant that sends its roots down through the soil, while nothing is visible above, and for weeks and months matures in its subterranean retreat. Suddenly the soil parts, and upward springs a cluster of flowers, filling all the air with fragrance. Thus Spiritualism sent its roots through the soil of the past, matured, and now it bursts forth with wonderful bloom."

Then I go to the news page, and find several blood-curdling narratives of crimes, and with the other sensational murders an account of a hanging, or "stretched hemp," as the reporter facetiously puts it. The miserable prisoner said as they put the noose around his neck, "Oh, I don't fear to die. Jesus, beloved Jesus, is with me. Jesus has made my yoke easy to bear. I shall soon be at rest in His bosom." The preacher prayed, blessed him, and the sheriff launched him into eternity! Did he believe that Jesus had pardoned the prisoner in full? Did anybody believe he had? Everyone said they so believed, and then fulfilled the law, which said what they all believed, that Jesus had not pardoned him all.

Here is poetry and poetry. It is a mystery that so many who can write good prose will insist on writing poor poetry! Poetry is like a fragrance of a rose. It requires the musical measure and perfect rhyme, and thought, and then there is something more—something there is no word for, without which it is verbiage. That something is like the light of a magnetic star, which leads far from the text by suggestion, and by induction quickens the poetic fervor in the mind of the reader.

When lonely from this world's cares and disappointments, it seems to me that I have thought in the very measure of the following lines:

BEYOND THE SEA.
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone far, far from me;
And ever on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders, fast and free.

Oh, happy bird! were I like thee
I too, would fly beyond the sea
Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glees
But here for me they may not be
My heart is gone beyond the sea

I close with some verses, not taken because of their poetic merit so much as their self-confident, inspiring sentiment:

MY KINGDOM.

I am a king, whose kingdom
Mayhap you have not seen,
But it is the happiest country
The north and south between.
My loving subjects greet me
Each morning with a kiss,
And in this happy kingdom
No strife or discord is.

Home is this peaceful kingdom
And love the crown I wear,
The kings of earth may envy
But none my throne may share.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

KINGCRAFT, PRIESTCRAFT, AND RELIGION.

G. W. KATES.

These three words represent a holy trinity. At least, they have been supposed to represent holiness, and have caused sufficient bloodshed in efforts to convince the people that divinity is therein embodied to eternally damn them as the incarnation of evil. It is fit time to discuss them because the world is yet so afflicted and progress retarded by them. They are fellow supporters. Will the tottering of one undermine the other? That will weaken, at least.

It is true that in the United States kingcraft was destroyed, and priestcraft and religion have thrived since. But free thought has not been destroyed, nor the exercise of reason prevented. The remnants of this trinity would, if possible, fasten bigotry, intolerance, and dogma upon this nation; but having no State help they can not prevent the march of mental and spiritual progress.

The union of a free State and a dogmatic Church is an impossibility, and yet the menace is grave, and the ominous portents call for active zeal to offset. A religious State would necessarily produce a kingly reign. Monarchy is the natural result of priestly rule. A spiritual Pope is shorn of power and prerogative without a temporal kingdom. A spiritual authority can not possess infallibility without being the controller and source of temporal privilege. Kings and priests are the relics of the ages when humanity was incapable of self-government—when reason had not unfolded, and knowledge of life evolved by revelation and science.

The recognition of divine authority was the only means by which kings and priests could perpetuate a control of human action and belief. The incarnation of divinity in all beings was not a permissible supposition, because of dogmatic dictation that all mankind are created evil as the result of Adam's fall. Being born depraved there could be only certain chosen or elect redeemed for the possibility of sin and made the representatives of God and the mediators between him and the children of earth.

Pure and unadulterated dogma to control the ignorant and superstitious ruled the people during the dark ages of the past, but it is most surprising that any intelligent person of the present should be so misguided.

The boasted freedom and progress made by this nation is likely to undergo a severe strain because of the designs of Pope and priests to plant here a monarchy that religion may have a State recognition.

This Columbian era is to be a trial of the strength of this republic to maintain its separability from Church alliance. If it is true that the Pope issued an encyclical to the effect that "the people of the United States have forfeited all right to rule said republic," and also on or about the date of the Catholic Congress to convene in Chicago, "it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States of America," then Congress should take most summary action to prevent the possibility of the Catholics in America arming or threatening.

Columbus did not discover North America, and it is very doubtful if he was an actual discoverer of any new country.

Popes, priests, or Church can not claim this fair land upon even the faith of a discoverer being of their faith or under their patronage. The question is who owns it now, and by what toil and sacrifice did they achieve it? As a republic the United States is likely to continue. Its infancy was baptized in blood, but its manhood seeks to perpetuate it in peace; yet would not shrink from any sacrifice. The days of priestcraft are numbered, and with it will go kingcraft from every nation. Humanity has tasted of freedom, and they will not permit any authority on earth not the will of the people. *Vox populi is vox Dei*. The idea of God has always been man-made; and so he has created this divine essence into a universal spirit—an immutable and eternal law—and not any longer revered as a personality. Human reason has evolved the religion of nature with a scientific basis, and self salvation has taken the place of vicarious dependence.

Philosophy, science, and religion are evolving. Arts and mechanics advancing with great rapidity adds force to progress. Mental and spiritual foresight and insight add scope to the vision of humanity.

The great car of progress is being engineered by spiritual minds exarcented from earthly bodies, and the question: "Freed from priestcraft and kingcraft, what are the prospects of a new religion in this country?" is answered by the signs of the times that says: Wise minds are at the helm, and humanity will be unburdened from hate and selfishness—love will prevail, and religion evolve a scientific Church based on revealed facts and embracing all people as joint heirs of immortality and the saving power of natural law.

Error must fall aside, for truth is mighty and will prevail. Religion will be eliminated from dogma, and the spiritual faculties recognized as the evolved attainments of a people who are sovereign children of an immutable and divine law, and joint heirs of immortality. Peace and prosperity should reign in the physical world, and in the mental and spiritual planes of life, each soul should have loving guidance and perpetual individual sovereignty.

SOUND-THEORY.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

In your issue of November 19, 1892, I noticed a short item entitled "The Human Ear," taken from the *Journal of Health*. Now, it seems to me, that if they, of the aforesaid journal had been fortunate enough to read Dr. Willford A. Hall's works on the subject of sound, the above article on the working principle of the human ear, would have been worded in a different manner. For any one who runs may see that the old wave-theory of the manner in which sound travels and works upon the human ear, which has been taught in the institutions of learning for the last two thousand and five hundred years, has been overturned, and many of the professors of those institutions now admit that they have taught wrong. I have no object in writing this other than a desire to assist in spreading the truth.

J. N. PARKER.

Handkerchiefs were made fashionable by the Empress Josephine, who had bad teeth and held a handkerchief before her mouth when she laughed.

SPIRIT PAINTING.

WILL C. HOOD.

Among the varied forms of spirit manifestations that are now occurring almost everywhere, none are more beautiful than the works of art produced through two very remarkable mediums who are at present located on Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Henry Rodgers and A. Campbell are both fine instruments in the hands of the spirit world for the production of oil paintings, one on canvass and the other on closed slates. The former is not only an excellent slate writer, but through his psychic powers finely executed portraits are produced on canvass that would do credit to any artist, and in a space of time that would discount the efforts of any person in the form. That the work is produced as claimed, and not by the medium, is evidenced by the fact that the artist can at times be plainly seen in materialized form while executing the painting. Mr. Campbell is also a slate writer, and beautiful productions in oil appear upon one of the slates while the message is written upon the other. A most beautiful bouquet of roses which his guides produced for President Jenner, of the Illinois State Association, led me to make arrangements for a trial of his powers with a view of getting something for myself.

Calling at his rooms at 2 p. m. on a bright sunny day we were invited into the seance-room, which was well lighted, as it faced the street. We sat on opposite sides at a square table which was thoroughly examined, and which contained no shelves, drawers, nor device by which duplicate slates could be concealed, nor were we hypnotized during any part of the time the painting was being produced. We state these facts as there are any number of smart people who know absolutely nothing of the subject, and yet are very ready to glibly describe just how it was done. Two perfectly new slates were cleaned thoroughly and a little clear linseed oil was rubbed over one of the surfaces, after which they were fastened by strong elastic bands, and by request of the medium were held for a few minutes in my lap. We then placed them under the table, the medium and myself each holding one end of the slates, with the disengaged hands on the top of the table. After waiting about twenty minutes without any sign of manifestations, we opened the slates and found them still perfectly clean. Fastening them once more and waiting a few moments, the medium said, I feel the power coming, and he was immediately controlled by the guide, who directed that the slates be laid over a small saucer of paint which was upon the table. This was done, we holding our hands upon the slates while the guide gave words of counsel and encouragement, and offered a short invocation asking the blessing of the higher powers upon the work and upon the instruments of the spirit world everywhere in their efforts to bring the light of the new dispensation to a priest-ridden and creed-bound world. We were then requested to open the slates, and found upon one of the surfaces two messages, one of which contains a lesson that might be profitably studied by doubting, carping critics wherever found. It was written in blue, and was as follows: "Be true unto thyself, then to humanity will thou be true. But he that doubteth others in all things, then hath not honesty within himself." We commend this to that class of people who seek to belittle the efforts of others and recommend that they paste it in their hats for daily reading and reflection. The other message in white was written from right to left, requiring the aid of a mirror to read it. Upon the other surface was an artistic and beautiful bouquet of wild roses painted in oil, and which required ten days for the paint to harden. Beside the flowers there are seven distinct faces upon the same surface, and taken altogether is a wonderful and beautiful manifestation of spirit power. No two paintings are alike, and flowers of every kind and hue are produced by the guides of the medium. We would advise all who wish to see something exceedingly fine in the way of mediumship to give a little time to the investigation of this phase, assuring them they will find Mr. Campbell a genial gentleman, as well as a wonderful medium, and we can but think as we pursue our investigations that nothing is impossible with spirit forces when given the conditions.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. No. 6.

Mr. Berry and Garrett Storms, of Hackensack, N. J., were sent to jail for "desecrating the Sabbath." The charge was that they husked corn on Sunday. They were sent to jail in default of payment of fine. This is the work of religion—this is one of its many "blessings."—*Euchange*.

But religion has nothing to do with the arrest of these persons, says the State; it is simply a matter of law. Ah, but what has the law to do with the Christian Sabbath, asks Reason, that it should impose upon a portion of its citizens an old custom that is specially forbidden by the Constitution of the United States? A Sunday law is a religious law in that one of the world's many religions is accorded recognition. The Christians' Sabbath is simply a day recognized by Christianity to worship God according to its belief, and has no more a place in State affairs than has the enactment of a State religion. Legislation making Sunday a religious holiday is in direct violation of the Federal Constitution. The State may select one day out of the seven for a day of rest, or it may make every tenth day a holiday, as it was once done in France under a republican government, but that day must be a secular one, not a sectarian holiday. The State can no more enforce the Christians' Sabbath by virtue of right and reason than can the Federal Government enforce Thanksgiving Day as a religious event. State and national holidays can never be anything else than secular holidays as long as the Federal Constitution remains a secular constitution, and they who append "Christian," or "Jewish," or "Mohammedan" to it are traitors to the land of our birth. This is not a Christian government as some affirm, for this implies a religious government, and all argument in favor of the aforementioned is sophistry. The enforcement of a religious law, which is at present being done by the enforcement of a Sunday law is exercising the pernicious principle of "might is right," and is entirely unconstitutional and in violation of the true American principle: Religious freedom.

OMER.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.

An open letter, by Jacob Edson, read by Miss Lucette Webster, teacher of elocution, at Guild Hall, Boston, Nov. 30, 1892, is an expression of the highest spiritual truth summarized in a four-page brief. The same is published for missionary purposes by the Helping Hand, connected with the Boston Spiritual Temple. The following extracts will suffice to show the merits of the brief:

"Friendship in its best sense involves and unfolds love, justice, mercy, and truth; it does not rob Peter to help Paul, or vice versa. We can not love the unlovable, but may befriend and help them, with respectful, kind consideration. Pure gold is seldom found—happy indeed is that man whose love has been so enlightened as to eliminate all hatred, fear, contention, and strife; that can distinguish, in his mind's eye, the sin from the sinner—the crime from the criminal—the king from the man that wears the crown—that can obliterate, dispel, or expunge the sin, through spiritual illumination; and kill the king, the crime, the sin, with kindness, saving the man—giving him time and conditions to repent and reform, to uplift and inspire suffering humanity, and thus accelerate progress in the human race.

"From my standpoint repentance implies more than will, inguess to forgive and be forgiven; it involves conviction, conversion, and progressive regeneration; it is not so much an act as it is a state, a condition that precedes and produces action; it has to do with our affectional nature—its love element—its motive power to act—to accept and work out our own salvation from fear and trembling through unfolding love—perfect love—which casts out all fear, and demonstrates the oneness of God in the sons of men; such conditioned acceptance and activity is called the new or spiritual birth.

"The kingdom of heaven is within us—its opening up constitutes the journey of life; honesty, worthy motives, and determined perseverance, expressed in life, are essential. A good start is often the key-note to all that follows. Act well your part. Dress and address are essential; dress need not be expensive, but should be becoming and adapted to what we are doing and what we propose to do. There is a happy medium between the sloven and the dulle. Good taste is commendable in both spiritual and material architecture—in clothing thought—mind as well as body. Address is more important than supercilious thiukers have conceived. Cultured modulation in voice as well as tone—expression of trained mind, indicate the wherof and wherefor—the origin and destiny, as well as the progress the speaker has made in life.

"We are trinities—like chestnuts, composed of body, soul, and spirit—we have an outside shell or burr, as well as an inner shell or covering, within which is the meat, the eternal truth or soul seeking embodiment, the perfect expression of itself.

"In conclusion, I believe the human soul is the temple of the living God, and that to worship him acceptably, we must worship in spirit and truth, not only in our pews Sunday, but in all our business every day in the week. It is our privilege to come up out of the cellar, the kitchen, or workshop of this temple, into the society and companionship of angels—spirits of just men made perfect."

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

PHENOMENA.

I have nowhere seen a report of the manifestations of spirit-return under the mediumship of Mr. Hugh Moore, of Dayton, Ohio, and with the permission of the editor I will tell the readers of his brilliant *LIGHT OF TRUTH* what I saw and heard at two seances held one week apart in our little city of Xenia, Ohio.

While I do not entertain the opinion that phenomena, no matter how entertaining or astounding, are the most valuable part of Spiritualism (the ethical being that which insures salvation), I nevertheless consider them of great importance, by awakening interest in some and bringing conviction to others.

One great stumbling-block to the investigator lies in the necessity of holding trumpet and materialization seances in the dark, either wholly or in part begetting thereby doubts and mistrust, and that the medium, therefore, whose control permits the most light during his seances, yields the greatest influence.

In this Mr. Moore, who is yet quite a young man, and who has been before the public only a short time, excels to a great degree. With proper development he is sure to become a medium of great power, being equally gifted with materialization, trumpet-speaking, slate-writing, and in a lesser degree with clairvoyance. During the whole of his seances he remains outside of the cabinet, and can be seen throughout.

His materializations, while not as perfect as it has been the writer's good fortune to witness, are, nevertheless, pronounced very satisfactory and genuine by the sitters, both skeptics and converts, and the messages of love, and in some cases of private matters and business, through the trumpet, bring conviction to all; and lastly, he has as one of his controls, a sweet and most entertaining child spirit, whose sparkling wit, shrewd and quaint sayings make one desirous of embracing every opportunity to meet her again.

Pansy (her name) is said to be an Indian child, who passed over at the tender age of four years, but she has been long enough in spirit life to learn many languages, and to converse not only intelligently, but learnedly upon all topics of interest. She speaks English and German perfectly and sings sweetly in both languages. There is perhaps no spirit-control, who speaks, independently, plainer, or more distinct than she, and I do not believe that there is one as charming, sprightly, and captivating in manners and language. In form and size, she is a little child, in intellect—well, she said laughingly, they call me Bob Ingersoll.

One gentleman, not a Spiritualist, remarked after the first seance, "I have attended many performances of sleight-of-hand, and several exposures of spiritual phenomena, but these are the only genuine spirit manifestations that I ever saw." I would say to Spiritualists, and especially to those who are still floundering in doubts, visit the seances of Mr. Moore.

E. LINDNER.

MESMERIC INFLUENCE OF ANIMALS.

It would be not only interesting but a valuable addition to the literature of this subject if our readers would contribute such facts as have come to their knowledge of the fascination of animals by each other. The existence of this somewhat traditional power has been disputed, but no less authority than *Science* gives it endorsement as follows:

"The power attributed to the snake and feline families of 'charming' their victims seems to me past dispute. It is merely a sort of hypnotism. Livingstone tells us when at one time seized by a tiger he felt neither terror nor pain; all his senses seemed to be benumbed. Bates in his 'Naturalist on the Amazon' states that one day in the woods a small pet dog flew at a large rattlesnake. The snake fixed its eyes on the dog, erected its tail and shook its rattles; it seemed in no haste to seize the dog, but as if waiting to put the dog into a more suitable condition for being seized.

As to the dog, it neither continued the attack nor retreated, could not or would not move when called, and was with difficulty dragged away by its master. I have seen one case of a snake charming a bird, but I had a better opportunity to study a cat charming a bird, and probably the process is much alike in both. The cat placed itself on the outside sill of my window, near to a pine tree. A bird presently lit on the pine tree, no doubt not observing the cat. The cat fixed its attention on the bird. The cat's eyes were widely opened and shone with a peculiar brightness; its head was raised and intent, the fur on its neck and about its face slowly stood up, as if electrified.

"Except for this rising of the fur and a certain intensity of life in the whole attitude of the beast it was as still as if cut from stone. The bird quivered, trembled, looked fixedly at the cat, and finally, with a feeble shake of the wings, fell towards the cat, which bounded to seize it. A lady tells me that she 'does not believe that cats can charm birds, because she has seen a cat trying to charm a parrot, and the bird, greatly alarmed, scolded loudly.' This proves nothing, the parrot in general, or more probably that particular parrot, did not prove a good subject for the mesmeric power. I have seen people who can not be hypnotized; they resent the effort, and nervous action becomes intensified."

Following the plan of the Psychic Society, it is desirable to accumulate facts, and almost every one has met with some instance sufficiently valuable to record.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2:30. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the forum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to spiritualism. 2. Must contain one inquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. E. KIRBY, Medium. Mrs. J. CLEGG WALKER, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 200 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, November 29, 1892.

PROLOGUE.

We are assembled this afternoon that we may learn more of the loved ones who have passed over into the higher realms of life. We come with hungry hearts this afternoon, that they may draw nearer to us and teach us the more perfect way. We who love them upon the earth side of life, reach up and out toward them, trying to open wide the door that they may enter and give to us words of love and cheer.

We know that they are as anxious to give us words of love as we are to receive them. And thus our desire is to become so perfect within ourselves that we may be fitted for the loved ones who come from the world beyond.

May we be enabled to purify ourselves in thought. May we all be able to throw kind feelings about us, and may we be inspired to be just to all; just in thought and in deed. And as we desire these lessons to be learned, may we be instructed by them that we may understand better the way that will lead into perfect life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION.—I am susceptible to influences but cannot come under control. Can the controlling spirit tell what the matter is?

ANSWER.—Friends, oftentimes in entering into the organism of a mortal, we find it very difficult indeed to completely psychologize or hold the instrument. Sometimes we find them very strong of will, and although the spirit who is attempting to gain complete control over them is also strong of will, yet the individual exerts his own will-power to such a degree that it is almost impossible to take full possession, although sometimes we succeed in gaining partial control.

Not being acquainted with this gentleman, we can not tell exactly what is the cause in his case, but we would give him this advice: If he is susceptible to spiritual influence; knows that at times they have taken possession and hold him; if he is waiting to become more unconscious or feels that he must be taken entirely, as it were, out of himself and not know what he does; if this is what he is waiting for, perhaps it is not the will of the spirits to so thoroughly entrance him as to make him entirely unconscious. I would advise him to give up to the will of the spirit; to try to set aside doubt and try to do what the spirit impresses upon him, even in his normal condition. He may be placed in a condition that is detrimental to himself in the way of spiritual development. He may have those around him who have strong influence over him, and they may do all they possibly can to interfere with the spirits who are endeavoring to develop and bring him into a higher place spiritually.

To all of you who are mediumistic I would say, when you feel the power of the spirit; when you know that outside of self there is an influence over you, try to submit to it, and when you have submitted, if that which the spirit gives to you, or makes you do, seems right, it will not be so difficult. But I will say, try them and see whether they are more intelligent than yourself; whether they can give you any higher truths than you already have; whether they are enabled to give you higher thoughts and grander views of that which you are so desirous to learn—the spiritual part of yourself and the spiritual life beyond. If you find those who come to you are truthful, honest, and earnest, and that they give you that which is of benefit to you, yield to them and they will be able to take possession of you and you will be an instrument in their hands. Many of you have to thank those who guard and guide you for the conditions in which you are placed at to-day. Many have been put in better places than they would have been without the spirits. Therefore be ever watchful, be very thankful with self, and then you will attract those to you who are truthful, and when you become pure yourselves you need not fear that they will desert you. Oh, friends, we would have you give up all habits that are detrimental, physically. Be careful what you drink, be careful what you eat, and what you say. If you have a habit which does not uplift you, no matter what that habit is, give it up and let the spirits teach you the grander truths of purity.

I feel this brother will by and by better understand the influence around him. I feel there are two conditions which he must try to overcome before the spirits can take full possession. But if he will wait patiently and earnestly, ardently pray that the spirits may uplift and scatter from him all doubt and bring into his life the spirit knowledge and prove to him the power of the spirits from the realms of bliss, he will be apt to come under control.

QUESTION.—Does the guiding knowledge, in controlling the medium, work on the spirit and mind of the instrument, or are they absent from the body?

ANSWER.—I am using this instrument to day to answer your questions. I am acting upon the body only. I have psychologized this instrument and for the time being she is voicing my words to you. This spirit does not leave the body. It is as though she were asleep, and she might, whilst in this sleep, or whilst talking, be enabled to dream, but she would not leave the body. She might be enabled to see views of the spiritual realm, but they would be clairvoyant views. Her spirit would be still in her body. Now, friends, I feel the questioner has a reason for asking this question. I feel a certain fear rests in him, and I would say fear not. The spirits that come to guard and guide you, even to talk through you, would not come to harm you. Many times they give you impressions, and if you would only give heed to these impressions you would always find yourself better for it. If the spirit should leave the body for a short time it would not be detrimental either to the spirit or to the body, but it is often the case. Sometimes when the instrument falls asleep the spirit is allowed to travel a great ways, and is brought back again, and is thus not severed from the body. If that magnetic cord which holds the spiritual to the material, is severed by a shock the body would die, for the tenant has moved out.

QUESTION.—When the spirit is about to pass to spirit life, what is the cause of those long breaths accompanied with sighs from four to five hours before they leave the body entirely?

ANSWER.—My friends, it is but the parting of the physical from the spiritual. Oftentimes, even when the time comes for the spirit's release, the spirit is reluctant to leave the house wherein it has dwelt so long, and even in the young we find it seemingly hard to separate the two. But this is natural. It is one of the laws. The spirit often begins the struggle of freeing itself twenty-four hours before it vacates the body. Have you ever noticed the smile that will light up

the countenance as the last breath is drawn? Then the spirit's eyes are opened, and sees that which it has longed for many, many days. Then they begin to view the friends who have congregated around to accompany them home over there. But these struggles are painless. Death is not pain; death is not suffering. It only seems so. The struggle between the spiritual and the physical is only the breaking of the bonds, or of the powers which have bound the spirit to earth; and as the spirit frees itself the eye of the physical for a moment obtains a clairvoyant view beyond.

QUESTION.—What has astrology to do with human life, considered from a spirit point of view? Define astrology.

ANSWER.—Astrology, as I understand it, pertains to the planetary system. Each one of you are affected more or less by the planets. To-day each one of you feel oppressed because of the dull and heavy atmosphere which surrounds you. But I do not hold, as many, that the planet under which you are born rules you throughout this earth life. I do not understand all of astrology, but the astrologists believe that we are ruled entirely by the planets. They also believe that you will become very wise under the planet under which you were born, if you study that planet. Now, friends, I do not believe this. Each one of you are born under certain conditions, physically, and you can never escape these conditions. You were born in certain environments, and partake thereof. You may have been born under the planet Jupiter, or under the planet Mars. You may belong to a great many other planets; you may in course of time draw nearer and nearer to the most perfect of lives, but the planet has nothing to do with it whatever. You are subject to the conditions surrounding you.

QUESTION.—Are haunted houses necessarily the scene of some crime?

ANSWER.—Not always, friends. Haunted houses are haunted by different spirits. Sometimes after living a long time in one place a liberated spirit will desire to visit again the old home, and they stay. Friends, the love which surrounded them here may attract them, and I am sorry to say that sometimes the life that surrounds the spirits here draws them back to earth in such a way that they stay continually about the scenes which they love. Not seeming to recognize that it is possible for them to leave the earth plane or the home surroundings—especially the mother, who has passed out and left the little ones, will come again and again into that house making noises to attract attention that she may give messages to those she loves. She may not be there continually, but she will return at intervals. Again, a mortal will hide away a treasure in the home or have a secret, and in spirit will return to reveal that secret, which will be of value to some one in earth life. And, wherever one commits suicide, or wherever there has been a murder, we find the spirit attracted. But it does not follow that this is always the case. Many times love carries them back. It is sorrowful, indeed, to see spirits returning, knocking at the door, as it were, to tell that which holds them. Thus if you know of a haunted house, you can try to liberate the spirit that it may go rejoicing, and not be brought back again.

Friends, this ends the questions, but I see rising in the hearts of many here other questions, and I would say bring them, we will do the best we can for you. I do not say that which I tell you is infallible. There are many wiser spirits than I; there are many who lived longer in the spirit side of life, but I am trying to fill my mission; I am trying to teach the truth as I understand it, but I come back to tell you that that which you call God—that which has been pictured to you as an unjust God does not exist. There is no God of wrath; there is only one supreme spirit which encompasses each and every one of you, and of which all of you are a part, and as you live up to your highest, you draw nearer and nearer to this great divine source of life and love.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

James Howard

Passed away on the Ohio River, Louisville, Ky. I was going over the river in a ferryboat with a horse and buggy, and the horse backed right off, and the spirit left the body. I have a host of friends in Louisville who will be glad to hear from me. I am glad to come, and as soon as I understand better how to work through the medium I will come personally and tell you something of my career in spirit life—things very interesting and instructive to you.

Charles Ortman.

The young man desires to send his love to his mother and desires her to know that he was here this afternoon, and will come to her soon. He lived in the eastern part of the city, Pendleton, and met his death by accident.

John Healy.

I am more than glad to be able to come this afternoon and express my thoughts to you. I passed out of this life under peculiar circumstances. There were many who supposed that my taking away was not accidental, but, my friends, I am desirous of saying to you this afternoon that it was an accident. I left my wife, expecting to return in a few moments, but on my way the thought entered my mind to bathe. I went into the water and was taken with cramps and drowned. Not returning home as they expected, a search was commenced and my body found. I was there when my body was carried to my home, and the anguish of the moment I shall never forget. My wife was broken-hearted, not knowing the nearness of her loved one. But my work on earth was done, and now I can but return from the spirit side of life and address a few words of comfort to those who love me. I would send my love to my wife and children, also to my father and mother. It was an accident, and I still know all that is passing in the earth plane. There is a friend of mine who is on this side at this time, and knows of the circumstances, and I am only too glad to be enabled to speak here and will say I thank him for the help he has given the spirit to come and address you this afternoon. I am from La Grange, Ind.

Jonathan Lyons.

Good afternoon, friends, I am here, and I look over this assembly and see many faces I knew in earth life. I am glad I can return and voice my love to you this afternoon. Seven that are near and dear to me linger in the earth life. And I know that they understand something of this great grand truth, and yet how little they do know in reality. Tell them, although I passed out suddenly, no one expecting me to go at that time, yet I had fulfilled my mission, and I return bringing love to them. I am from this city.

Samuel Vault.

I am here, why, in fact, I have never been far away. And mother, I heard you, I heard you say, "Why don't my loved one come to give me a message," so I will come now, and I will say to you I am by your side day by day. The boys are with me, but I want you and our daughter to know that whatever comes in your life, is but a lesson that you must learn, and that it will draw you closer and closer to the spirit realm. I know the sadness that overshadows you and I bring the loved ones with me this afternoon, and I would have you to know that we are together, and I would have you, when you leave this place, know that never, never again will I or the children draw far from you. I am your husband, Samuel Vault, or Cummins, this city. You requested those gone before to come here, and now I come.

Rachel Allen.

I am desirous of sending my love to my daughter in Clinton, Iowa. I passed out some time since, it seems to me as though it must have been fully ten years ago. It may have been longer, I can not give the exact date, as time seems to go so rapidly on the spirit side of life. I want my daughter to know that her mother lives, I want her to understand that I am with her every day or so. I mean by that I am not away a very long time at any one time. How strange it is that we who have passed through the change called death, can return in this way. I must thank the control of this lady for permitting me to come.

Robert Curtis.

I am glad to be on the earth. I feel to rejoice that the change called death is but a birth into a higher life of a broader existence. I am very positive in my way of thinking when upon the earth plane. Yet, I did not realize the truth; I could not have been brought to believe it. I thought that when I passed out of the body I should go either to hell or heaven, and being in this condition, whatever it might have been, could never again return to this life. But I am here and I have watched through many years the uprising and downfall of many of those whom I loved, and I desire to send a loved message to one of my relatives whom I will call Zach. I shall say to him, be careful; care for yourself, and guard well your way for your days upon this earth are numbered. You will walk with me before long on the spirit side of life, and I will try to guard and guide you as best I can through the remainder of your earth life. I lived in West Virginia, part of my life, and the other part in Richmond, Va. I passed out in Richmond, Va.

Lee and Rosa Thompson.

Carry my love to the loved ones at home. Tell them I was here this afternoon, and am with them every day. I am glad that the door is wide open and I can enter into all their joys and help them bear their sorrows. I come and try, oftentimes, to make them understand, and I thank you, my friend, for the many loved messages that you have given to them. A lady in the audience will carry the messages to mother and father, and one other—the one who stays by my side and around whom my spirit oftentimes lingers in love and gratefulness. I am from Socialville, O.

MESSAGES THROUGH MR. H. W. ARCHER.

John Wolfe.

His wife will be glad to hear from him; also his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Gaston, Jopka, Missouri. He brings with him a cane, a very singular cane, a very large one, with a crook; one of the old-fashioned canes, and it is covered with pieces of silver—hearts and dots and dashes, all around. He is an advanced spirit, and is desirous of coming in connection with his loved ones. He is from Washington, D. C.

George Merrill.

Of 176th Regiment, Company G, of New York, says that he passed out under very painful circumstances. He starved to death in Libby Prison in 1865. He wants to send kind greetings to his sister, Mrs. Sherwood, of Duluth, Minn.

Gertie, Lydia, and Maggie Bronnenberg.

They are working for this circle, and are trying to do what they can to get people interested in our work here. They are from Chesterfield, Ind., and send love to their parents there. These spirits are well known, and will be very gratefully received by many people from their part of the country.

Edward J. Gardner.

Comes with sunbeams from C. B. E., says he has just left his son Edgar in Brooklyn. He comes from Josie with love to Charlie. Also says that she is better and the spirits are helping her greatly. (Recognized.)

Althadine Smith.

And her control, Althea. This spirit suffered a long time after passing out. She says she was murdered by her husband. She brings kind greetings, and sends love to Mrs. Wright, of Cleveland.

George Thomas.

Of Cleveland, comes to his brother, Charles Thomas.

Helen Emmons.

A little Indian girl named Wauseta comes in with Helen who desires to tell her mamma that they are with her at the home and are doing all they can to aid in her development. Horus is with us. To Mr. and Mrs. Emmons, of Mendon, Mich.

Mrs. Annie Boyley.

A very handsome woman desires me to say that while suffering with a fever she cut her throat. She left a little child six weeks old, and she desires to say to her husband, Henry Boyley, that she has advanced, and that since she left the earth plane she has become a bright and noble spirit, one who is doing a great work. She thanks him for what he has done, especially lately. He will understand this. She lived in a little frame house just outside of Vanceburg, Ky.

Henry Thiese.

I also passed out under very unpleasant circumstances. I was a young man on the earth plane, a silver-plater—electroplating was my business. The trouble which killed me was caused by inhaling deadly fumes. I would like to send word to my friends in Akron, O. My father's name is August Thiese. I also send this message to my dear mother, brothers, and sisters Frankie, Susie, Katie, and Willie. There is a great deal I would like to say to my people, and I shall as soon as opportunity presents, but I can not use this medium as I would like. I would like to communicate with my mother, and as soon as she can I would like her to visit a medium that I may have the privilege of coming.

George and Will McPike.

George said he was rather wild when here, not wicked. He died by his own hand. He says he now sees things in a different light, and is often in the home of his friends. His brother, Will, was suffocated in a well. It seems he was cleaning this well. Several men descended into the well to clean it, but they were partly suffocated and came up to the surface again. Then he descended and was suffocated in the well. He says tell grandfather he often thinks of what he used to tell him about spirits. He used to laugh about spirits coming back. His grandfather is Dr. Crane, St. Helena, California.

Geo. St. Clair.

A very handsome spirit comes in and says, say that George is here and is glad the baby is getting so fat. The baby's name is Bennie. To his mother, Mrs. St. Clair, Robbins, Tenn.

Dick Johnson.

Tell Tom Barnett that Dick is here and knows a good deal about Spiritualism now, and is there in the work, Especially to Mrs. Barnett of Indianapolis, Ind.

Flortimer Wright.

Comes with his father to friends in Whitewater, Wis., and especially thanks Mr. Morris Pratt for the work he has done there in advancing the cause.

The Progressive Lyceum.

Opening Song.

AIR—"Tell the Story."
Oh ye who once were mortals
Enrobed like us in clay,
Come down from heaven's blue meadows
And be with us to-day.
Instruct us, loving angels,
The way your glory came
And wreath about our foreheads
Truth's glowing ring of flame.

Bring down a breath from Eden,
And let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness
Makes us forget to sin!
Our hearts are reaching upward
Like angel larks in Spring,
And every soul is willing
To learn the truths you bring.

Come down, oh, blessed angels,
Make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadowed
By ye our rising sun,
Unfold us in God's wisdom,
His beauty and his love—
And may the earth life fit us
To be like you above.

Silver Chain Recitation.

O Angel of Love!
Dwell in our bosom as the dove of innocence.
O Angel of Wisdom!
Enlighten our understandings with the beauties thou dost unfold from spiritual affections.
O Angel of Justice!
Balance our forces of character to equalize the blessings of life.
O Angel of Truth!
Free us from false tradition and habits, and sit as a serene judge in the chambers of a clear conscience.
O Angel of Modesty!
Lead us as children, that we may cultivate the flowers of simplicity.
O Angel of Mercy!
Teach us charity and forgiveness, and breathe on us the heavenly spirit of sympathy for the suffering.
O Angel of the pure in heart!
Hallow all our loves to holiness.
O Angel of Harmony.
We pray for rest of soul, for thy philanthropy, and the heaven of universal peace.
O Angel of Virtue!
Chasten every affection of our being to love as you love the beautiful, the good, and the true. J. O. BARRETT.

Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

(NOTE.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to be departed from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.)

PRAYER.

What is true prayer?
It is the earnest desire of the mind for whatever object it may crave.
It may be utterly selfish as well as absolutely spiritual.
Example.—(1) Prayer for selfish ends, temporal favors, and for the destruction of opposers and enemies. (2) Prayer only for purity and excellence.
Is prayer answered?
When made consonant with the laws of spiritual force it often is.
Do you mean a prayer to God is directly answered by Him?
No, for that is impossible. A prayer may be made for assistance in an hour of great need, and its thoughts go out with such strength as to attract spirit friends or mortal aid.
Example.—The widow who one day gathered her starving children around her and prayed God for aid. A neighbor at that moment was seized with a desire to go to her assistance. Her prayer was answered, not by God directly, but by thought-transference.
How account for the strength given by prayer?
By the concentration of thought and the harmony induced thereby in the faculties.
Is prayer then of value?
When rightly understood it produces a state of mind of supreme value. The silent concentration of mind, which may be passive to the reception of its desires, or intensely active in sending out those desires as waves of light traverse space to those receptive.
Prayers for the sick.
Answered through mesmeric influence or the assistance of spirit friends who find the conditions it induces favorable.
Is this interpretation applicable to verbal prayer?
Verbal expression may serve to concentrate the thoughts, and thus assist in harmonizing the mind; but as usually given, a lesson learned parrot-wise, without heart or sympathetic reception, is mockery.
Prayer not a duty and obligation to God; not demanded by Him; its principle influence is on the one who prays.

Closing Song.

AIR—"Tell the Story."
Oh, mortals, rejoice that the dear ones have come
And their voices we know as they sing at their home.

CHORUS.
Tell the story, risen spirits,
Bring the light to all men;
Tell the story, risen spirits,
With tongue and with pen.

Be patient and wait at the heavenly gate
For the mortals who strive for the pathway that's straight.
—Chorus.

Oh, let the light shine from the windows divine
On the souls of all men who are children of Thine.—Chorus.
But if, after all, we should stumble and fall,
Thou wilt give us Thy help, if we earnestly call?—Chorus.

—Inspirational Songs.

Hypnotism in Mental Disorders.

Dr. J. Luys, the eminent French neurologist, says that in the acute periods of insanity, in lucid intervals, and in latent hysteria, nothing is better than hypnotism. Certain parietic dements with quiet hypomania are fascinated and calmed by a bright object. Rotatory mirrors calm and soothe them so that they fall asleep. They awaken from the artificial slumber refreshed and invigorated mentally and physically. In acute hysterical hallucinatory insanity in young girls, the patients are plunged rapidly into slumber, and such slumbers decrease the period of convalescence.—*Phrenological Journal*.

In the recent elections of members of the Chamber of Deputies in Italy, the government supporters elected 300 as against 100 enemies to the government, the Catholic Church Party.

I would as soon administer sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to the public schools.—Priest Walker.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH,

IN ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY
C. C. STOWELL.
Room 7, 206 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Terms of Subscription.
The LIGHT OF TRUTH will be furnished until further notice at the following rates, invariably in advance:
One year \$1.00
Six months .50
Three months .25
Single copies 5c
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CINCINNATI, - - SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1892

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH cannot well undertake to reach for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once discontinued.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.
When the postoffice address of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.
Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach our office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.
Rejected MSS will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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LED TO THE LIGHT.

The publisher of the LIGHT OF TRUTH has secured from Hudson Tuttle the manuscript of a story with the above title which will run through this paper for several months. For intense interest of plot it challenges comparison with the most highly wrought fiction, and at the same time gives profound explanation of the most mysterious psychic phenomena. It is a thrilling tale of honest purpose struggling against the environment of education, social position, and domestic relations; of the outcropping of hereditary taints, and certainty of the stream of life bearing ancestral sins to remote generations in whom they appear as inexplicable criminality. Into the narrative is woven a discussion of the laws of heredity; the theory of evolution and its spiritual aspect, and of nearly every phase of mediumship, both the false and the true. The characters are silhouetted against a black background of infamous purposes and revolting crime; and the moral of the story is not only to show how its hero was led, but to lead the reader also to the light.

Extra large editions of all the numbers containing this remarkable story will be published, but we can not anticipate the demand in that manner and the only certain way to receive all the numbers is to subscribe now.

The LIGHT OF TRUTH offers attractions found in no other publication. It is unique in the field it occupies, and a mirror of the best thought in the most advanced fields of research. Reports of Lectures, contributions from the ablest writers in America and Europe; a Woman's Club; a department devoted to the Progressive Lyceum; a Free Circle giving messages from departed friends, and editorials, with carefully gathered reports of societies, and movements of lecturers are its leading attractions.

Those of our delinquent subscribers who desire to obtain this series must renew their subscriptions forthwith, or we will be compelled to stop their paper, as our subscription list is fast increasing and we must make room in our mailing department for the additional names. The tag on the wrapper indicates time of expiration.

THE INFAMY OF VACCINATION.

The practice of injecting smallpox into the blood of children "to prevent" smallpox is soon to be enforced again in the schools where the law is compulsory. The Buffalo News says: "Physicians will visit the schools, and such of the children as prefer it may be vaccinated by their family physicians, but in all cases the physician will be required to furnish the health department with a certificate, showing the child's name, age, etc., and the date of vaccination."

The objection to vaccination is the compulsory feature. If it is true, the person so believing ought to have the right to test it personally, but that right should not imply that others must be bound by it. Nobody can attest that vaccination ever prevented a single case of smallpox. Such an assertion is equivalent to declaring that a man is "prevented" from drowning because there is a bridge whereby he can walk over a stream of water. Health Commissioner Wende, of Buffalo, is quoted as follows: "When in Europe I found that in the German Empire, where vaccination is universal and compulsory, smallpox is unknown except where isolated cases are imported." Very many instances can be cited to prove that this reasoning is fallacious. Dr. Epps, who vaccinated upwards of 120,000 persons and who was connected with the Jenner Institute for many years, said: "The vaccine virus is neither antidote nor corrigent, nor does it neutralize the smallpox. Nobody has the right to transplant such a mischievous poison on compulsion into the life of a child."

As to the preventative nature of vaccination it is well known that during the Boston epidemic of 1872-3, out of 3,187 cases of smallpox 1,045 died, and in Germany during the previous year there were 124,948 deaths from smallpox. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica out of 6,533 admissions to the Eastern Metropolitan Hospital in England from 1871 to the end of 1878, 4,283 had vaccination marks, 793 had no marks although vaccinated, and 1,477 were unvaccinated, or a proportion of 29 per cent. unvaccinated. In pre-vaccination, times the mortality was 18.8 per cent. The mortality since 1870 in English and American hospitals has been 18.5 per cent.

It would be hard for the vaccination exponents to make out a case in favor of the theory, and in time it will be classified amongst the other barbarous methods of medical science so-called, which have been discarded.

The first thing to be done is to make the process non-compulsory, then if fanatics want to be inoculated, well and good.

The prevention of smallpox is the same as the prevention of typhoid fever and other zymotic diseases. Education in this line ought to be a knowledge of proper sanitary laws. Impure air and food, bad habits, and all the violations of one's being bring about a corresponding effect sooner or later in man's organism. In this condition he is no match for an epidemic. Bath tubs are better than vaccine virus, and clean food and warm clothing are better than doctors. It is to be hoped that sumptuary laws regulating this beastly practice will be repealed, and the people no longer subjected to a tyranny as ignorant as it is baleful.

PROGRESS IN MORALS.

After the incessant, ever-repeated cry that the world is growing bad, crime increasing, and all because the creeds and religions are neglected, it is refreshing to read such sentiments as the following from a publication as influential as the *American Journal of Politics*:

"We need to study history in its reality and not as it often appears in the tinted colors of the imagination. Such study would tend to correct many of our false impressions regarding the relative condition of the race in the past as compared with its condition to-day. Light has come into the world and is surely, though slowly, driving out the darkness whether men acknowledge it or not. The so-called 'good old times' that we often hear about are considerable of an illusion—at least in many ways. The public conscience, which is but the aggregate of the individual conscience, is far more tender now than it was a generation ago. Men, high in public favor and public confidence, did things that to-day would bring them under the severest condemnation and into disgrace. I venture the assertion, and that without fear of successful contradiction, that at no time in the history of this country within the century has the moral standing of our public men averaged so high as it does to-day."

National conscience can not be more nor less than the sum of the conscience of the individuals that compose it. There was a time when that national conscience was regarded as a laudable occupation, and slavery as a condition sanctioned by religion. Now war is regarded as the last resort, and slavery has been relegated to the brutalities of the past. There was a time, not many years ago, when the English code punished with death nearly every offense. Drawing, quartering, gibbeting, burning, and unnumbered cruel devices of torture were looked on by the people with stolid indifference or with eager curiosity. Such punishments would not be tolerated for a moment at the present time. An instance of brutal cruelty, like suspension by the thumbs, is heralded through the press in terms of execration.

Oh, the world is growing good,
And the right is understood,
And our little lives are full of brilliant chances;
Martyr's have not died in vain,
And we chant a glad refrain
As we follow Truth wherever she advances.

DODGED WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The findings of a great convention sometimes equal—in the volume of their stupidity—the inscrutable findings of a petit jury.

The National Grange, which has recently held a convention in Concord, N. H., has dodged the question of Woman Suffrage with the same asinine stupidity that characterized the People's Party national convention in dealing with the matter; i. e., relegating it to the State granges. One of the delegates, D. W. Working, of Colorado, introduced a resolution that woman shall stand upon an equality with man, and that the right to vote shall not be confined to one sex, but based upon intelligence. The resolution was debated pro and con and finally referred by a vote of 25 to 23.

It is a pity that men can not get together and deliberate upon matters of national weal without exhibiting so much cowardice in treating upon one of the most important phases of the coming regime. Perhaps these gentlemen will live long enough to learn that their petty notions about the readiness of the country to favor the common law, right of woman to the ballot, have no weight with the great body of people who like justice better than policy.

Woman suffrage is only a question of time, and very short time, too, and the few members of the National Grange who are attempting to delay it by haggling about proprieties, had best turn foot, march with the procession or be crushed by it. The intellectual warts who supported the motion to refer are J. B. Long, of Texas; J. D. Clardy, of Kentucky; N. J. Bachelier, of New Hampshire; G. A. Bowen, of Connecticut; and the Southern members who expressed themselves as not ready to favor woman suffrage.

A Novel and Successful Thanksgiving Scheme.

As a means of introducing practical charity and solving the problem of caring for the poor of our cities, the custom of having school children bring trifles in the way of provisions to their schools at stated times, seems to answer the whole matter. There are at least two cities that have encouraged this custom and reaped benefits, surpassing all expectations during the recent Thanksgiving holiday.

The school children of Norwich, Conn., a city numbering about 20,000 inhabitants, contributed a half-dozen wagon loads of vegetables, canned goods, pastry, provisions, meat, etc., and there was not a hungry man, woman, or child in the city that day, and a sufficiency was left to keep the worthy poor in food for some time to come.

St. Paul, too, has had a practical illustration of the old adage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For three days prior to the 24th of November the school children gave enough provisions to last the 2,000 poor of that city all winter, the dispatches stating that the forty-three schools in the city provided 172 immense wagon loads of clothing and eatables for distribution. This is more than the city has given before in three years. The idea is to invite each little one to bring from home whatever can be spared and carried conveniently, if nothing more than a few potatoes, a turnip, a piece of meat or cloth—anything that can be made available by numerous additions of like character.

As a means of alleviating poverty, and at the same time eliminating the necessity for large drains upon municipal finances, this is the best that has yet appeared and might be tried with profit throughout the country.

A THREATENING DEMAND.

At the conference in New York of leaders in the Catholic Church, as reported in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the subject of parochial schools was not the most momentous, but "there is a likelihood that following the discussion of the matter by the archbishops, Mgr. Satelli may be induced to bring it to a crisis by reporting to the Vatican that after the inauguration of Grover Cleveland, steps should be taken looking to the appointment of a Papal Legate to Washington. I believe that no international complications can possibly grow out of such action."

If such demand is made, the government has but one course to preserve the respect of every true American citizen, that of its pre-emptory denial. To grant it would be treachery to the freedom. The Vatican is not recognized as a temporal power, and for our government to do so would be an insult offered deliberately and causelessly to Italy.

JAMES BURNS.

This indefatigable worker who has for almost a generation kept Spiritualism to the front in England, peculiarly has received small reward. His noble wife and his two devoted sons have given their lives also in sustaining the *Medium and Daybreak*. It is lamentable after this persistent struggle that he should be forced to publish the following card in his paper:

"After thirty years' labor in the cause of Spiritualism, and the sacrifice of all the means I became possessed of in that time, I am loaded with heavy liabilities which it devolves on me to work off by every means in my power. I invite Friends of Progress to keep me busy, that my labors may, at the same time, conduce to the spread of saving knowledge and the lightening of these public debts of the cause."

He thus proposes, by outside labor, to procure means to pay off debts incurred and continue his paper. He will give phrenological delineations, instruct classes in psychometry, lecture on Spiritualism, etc. Such devotion ought to receive unbounded reward.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We intend that every number of the LIGHT OF TRUTH shall be as good as we can make it, but we have determined to make our Christmas number exceed even the high water mark of the flood tide.

We shall have brilliant articles from representative writers and a story expressly written for Christmas reading, aside from the usual contents. The subscriptions which come rolling in assure us that our efforts to make a spiritual journal, conducted in the spirit of Spiritualism, are appreciated, and encourages us in the effort to still further improvements. The Christmas number will be a gem.

MYRA F. PAINE'S Lyceum Manual, which was given an extended review in our last issue, seems to meet with general approval, as it is a very interesting as well as instructive little book. It is not only a manual for children, but adults can find much in it to appease their spiritual appetites. It embodies many spiritual truths that are constantly being sought after, and will serve as an instructor for inquirers or investigators just coming into the ranks. They are only 10 cents each. Address Myra F. Paine, Painesville, Ohio.

It is proposed by the French Academy of Science to present a substantial testimonial to M. Pasteur on December 27th, the seventieth anniversary of his birth. The French can bestow no honor on the famous scientist that will not reflect more upon themselves than upon him. No man, perhaps, in this generation has done more in the field of applied science than M. Pasteur and the advancement of science, due in great part to his patience, care, and skill, forms his grandest monument.

The utility of the phonograph is becoming more and more apparent. The latest scheme is that of Mr. W. A. Church, manager of the World's Fair Musical Palace Co., who proposes to arrange a system of long-distance telephones and telegraphs by means of which persons in the various cities throughout the country may listen to the music at the Columbian Exposition. Verily, the Puritans, who, through excessive piety and love of Jesus, hanged mediums and made blue laws would find it hard to get around these piping times.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

BERTHA J. FRENCH.

"He who has no inward beauty none perceive, though all around is beautiful." But to the receptive, harmonized soul nature is a poet, painter, and musician. At her knee, like a little child, he learns to babble the "fairy tales of science," her poetic inspiration surges his being until the highest aspirations of his soul sing words of the most musical rhythm; he loses his material self, and his spirit slips into the nirvana of nature. Every flower that lifts its sweet lips to the caressing breeze; the stars that sing golden songs of infinity as they swing through space; the whispering trees; the tinkling brook; the blue web of sky bending to clasp the aspiring earth; the fairy clouds whose draperies of feathery gold assume myriad fantastic shapes—all these symbols of nature become to him a divine language in which he reads the thoughts of the infinite. To absorb the poetry of nature we must be absorbed by nature.

"We must become a part of the wind that dapples the bush grass;
The tide that creeps with coolness to its roots;
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air."

To do this we must be alone with nature. Let us select a dreamy summer's day, then "at ease reclining on nature's velvet lining" of green grass, we throw open the door of our senses to the perfumed air, to the wealth of earth and sky. But how rarely we do this, when we leave city dust for sylvan solitude, and why must we always drag with us our artificial accoutrements? The novel, the fishing tackle, the gun, the gay picnic party, in fact, have what is commonly called "a jolly good time," which indeed is desirable and commendable at intervals, but constant society is not conducive to the winning of the muse, for as Burns tells us: "The muse nae poet ever found her till by himself learned to wander adoon some trodden burn's meander."

Yes; Homer beside the Archipelago; Gray in the solemn solitude of Stoke Pogis drinking, in the inspiration that is poured forth in his peerless *Elegy*; Milton, midst the fields of Horton; Wordsworth wandering beside peaceful English lakes; Tennyson "exempt from public haunt in his breezy island home;" Scott inspired by Scotland's picturesque beauty; Whittier melodizing homely New England scenes; Lowell, Longfellow, Holland, and Emerson, America's sweetest singers, have all drunk their inspiration warm from nature's heart. And was it not beside the banks of the lonely Avon that the "king of all singers" sang songs that "will echo till the last syllable of recording time?"

The silvery spray of these fountains of poetry rippling 'mid the prose of life may be imbibed by the multitude according to their capacity to receive. Does there live the one so mentally blinded that he sees no poetry in nature? No art in poetry? That person is surely an anomaly, whose only sentiment is—when gazing on a magnificent tree that bears imprisoned in its dancing leaves and glossy bark the storm and sunshine of a century's changing seasons—"I wonder how much timber that ere tree would make?"

Nicol Jarvie was one of these hyper-prosaical creatures whose poetic inspiration was dormant. Sailing down Loch Lomonde he saw not the ravishing beauty. The loch gemmed with wooded islands that seemed to sail in living beauty upon the translucent waters, encircled by spangling banks of emerald green, tapestried with trees and flowers and clinging vines. He saw not the harmony of color, the wonderful lights and shades. He merely remarked: "The loch ought to be drained, leaving a small strip in the middle for coal barges to sail up and down."

In every soul lies the germ of poetry, though oftentimes it may be a dormant germ, as in the case of Nicol Jarvie. The awakener is the mother of poetry—nature. We must look at her as at a picture; we must bring our whole individuality to the contemplation; we must form the power of contrast; we must contrast the blue and white and gold of the sky with the brown of the hills, the green of trees and shrubs; we must

train our eye to her subtle changes. For instance, what a charming sight it is to watch the sky daintily throw over her sunny tresses a veil of silvery haze, as if honoring her bridal with the earth, or when the sun flashes his adieu over the western sky in bars of lilac and gold.

How important is the mission of the poet. What would this earth be without its garniture of grass and flowers? It would be a brown old shell. The mental world would be even more dreary without the blossoms of poetry. As Orpheus with his entrancing strains of music awakened inanimate things to life, so the musical thoughts of great masters awaken the divine in man. They awaken and uplift our sleeping thoughts. They throw over rough hewn realities the soft drapery of idealism. In lofty rhythm we hear the voice of God. The poet is essentially a prophet. Over three hundred years ago Shakespeare, in the sublimest poetry that ever flowed from poetic pen, gave us scientific truths. These prophecies were regarded by the learned men of his time as poetical fantasies, "the stuff that dreams are made of." Time has demonstrated that the poetic dreams are scientific facts. The greatest poet does not merely string together pretty words in description of nature, but becomes *en rapport* with the over-soul of which nature is an expression. Thus, like a sensitized plate, he is impressed with spiritual truths that his genius swings into rhythm. The poet intuitively knows. Others less gifted have to learn by the slow process of reason.

For magnificence and sublimity in description Byron and Shelley wear the laurel. Wordsworth delights us with his faithfulness; he is nature's poetical photographer. But for keenness of spiritual insight Tennyson is the foremost poet "in the ranks of time." His "In Memoriam" manifests the most delicate spirituality of any poem of modern times. It expresses the doubts and fears assailing the thoughtful mind. But if it sinks low into doubt, it mounts high in the certainty of continuity of life beyond the grave. Tennyson senses the presence of the unseen world and is an instrument delicately attuned to its inspiration. How inspiring is the work, the life, the peaceful poetical death of the gifted man who wrote:

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.
In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day.
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.
They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.
But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within."

Williammatic, Conn.

Trance Received as Testimony by a California Court.

The French Court rejected the evidence of hypnotism, and we think wisely, until its value and conditions are more clearly defined, yet we see no cause why it should not be received for what it may be worth; not, perhaps, as positive evidence, but for the light it may throw on the case. In the case of Edward J. Livernash, who attempted the murder of Darius Etheridge, under the charge he was adjudged insane, and recovering was released. Then Etheridge sued him for damage. It was in the latter case that Livernash was hypnotized in the witness-stand and made to live once again the hour in which he committed the crime. An exchange has the following particulars:

Dr. Gardner, who has acquired great influences over Livernash, hypnotized him by waving a shining disk before his eyes. Experts for the prosecution tried to see whether he was shamming. They ran a needle through his ear, but he never winced. His face was as pale as that of a corpse and his limbs were rigid, but he answered every question asked, and gave in minute detail what he did on the eventful night as well as what he thought.

Dr. Gardner explained that Livernash was a victim of auto-hypnotism—that is, he could throw himself into a state which resembled somnambulism, during which he was not responsible for his actions. It was in such a state he attempted murder. Few court scenes could be more impressive than that of a man dead to the present, alive only in the past, with his will under subjection, but his brain still controlling his tongue, and telling with strange circumstantiality the story of why he attempted to kill an old man who had never harmed him in the least, and by whose death he could hope to obtain no profit or advancement. His story while in this trance was a wild rhapsody on plans and plots, betraying numerous symptoms of insanity. He recited with all the circumstance and detail possible, but with occasional dashes of lunacy, how he had gone about to kill Etheridge. Finally, the control was turned back to Dr. Gardner, who said sharply:

"Ed, Ed, that will do; that is enough. Now, when I wake you up you must wake up well, happy, and contented. You must sleep soundly nights and you must not go into this condition again without my permission. Now, when I count three you will wake up—one, two, three!"

With this Livernash opened his eyes, seemed flustered for a moment, and asked: "Are you through? You don't need me here any longer?"

A needle was sticking through the flesh on the back of his hand. He pulled it out, wincing as he did so. His face was slightly flushed. He felt his ear where the needle had been run through it. Then he took his place, unchanged in manner and appearance, save for the added color in his cheeks. The somnambulist had come out of the past, where he was a wandering, chattering ghost, and was again in the flesh, alert, quick-witted, and himself. His entire mental and moral condition changed. His views of life became entirely opposite.

Dr. Robertson said that he never met a more brilliant young man, and the story is told here that two years ago Livernash met Mr. J. A. Barnum, the Republican candidate for Congress, in a joint debate at Healdsburg and completely vanquished that able lawyer. Livernash is a strange combination of insanity and sanity.

A UNIQUE TEST.

Whether you can believe in Spiritualism or not, writes a "Gentlewoman" correspondent, is a matter for you alone to decide. Very few of us can admit an unalloyed faith. Yet sometimes these clever people manage to startle one somewhat. Within the last few weeks a very interesting seance was held at the house of a lady well known in London society. Lady de Grey was one of the party. The medium, who had never seen her before, and was unaware of her identity, approached her. "If you can tell me from whom I received this bracelet," declared the smiling countess, "I will almost promise to believe in you." The medium touched with his finger-tips a pretty bangle upon her arm. "I see," he said, "an Eastern bazaar, and people walking to and fro. Someone is buying the bracelet. Again I see you in a beautiful room, sitting on a couch by the side of the Princess of Wales. The princess hesitates, then unclasping the bracelet from her own arm, fastens it on yours, saying, 'That is to be a souvenir.' As it happened, the bracelet had been bought at a bazaar in Cairo, and was given to Lady de Grey by the princess in the manner described.—*London Light*.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Mrs. J. H. Stowell has returned to the city from New York, where she has been on a visit to her son.

—Our sanctum was made purer this week by the presence of brother Lyman C. Howe, who was in the city on a short visit, and also honored us with a call.

—Miss Minnie Bertrand, organist of the Union Society, has returned to the city, and at her post again last Sunday, to the delight of all lovers of sweet music.

—A. L. Stanford, the well known artist-painter and developing medium of this city, has gone to San Leandro, Alameda County, Cal., where he may be addressed by his friends and others in touch with him spiritually.

—Mr. J. Frank Baxter's subjects for next Sunday's discourses will be "Education of the Children" in the morning, and "Spiritualism and the Church face to face," in the evening. The latter discourse will be followed by tests.

—We are sorry to hear that Miss Clair Tuttle, daughter of our well known author Hudson Tuttle, has been stricken with gastric fever, and been compelled to cancel all her stage engagements for the season. She is, however, now in care of her parents at Berlin Heights, where love surrounds her, and which is the best physician in all cases of sickness.

—Not only was the interest in Spiritualism in Cincinnati fully demonstrated last Sunday, but the great popularity, as well as that versatile advocate of the same, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, of Boston. Unusually large audiences were out to hear him in Grand Army Hall, that of the evening crowding the auditorium. Mr. Baxter's gifts are fully appreciated in this city, where he has so many times ministered previously; and everybody, from most enthusiastic believer to iconoclastic skeptic, was delighted.

Mr. Baxter gave forceful discourses, well deserving the generous applause bestowed. Circumstances prevent extended synopses of them, and our readers must be content with a mere cursory resume. We are aware how far short of justice to either speaker or lecture the report must be. It is probable the morning lecture may be soon printed in full, so many are desirous.

The subject in the morning was "The Standing and Tendency of Spiritual Thought."

Mr. Baxter was truly grand in the evening, taking the opportune subject for address, "Spiritualism and Spiritual Gifts; or the Value of Phenomena." Theologies supported alone by traditions, creeds, ancient formulae, and wonders, and interest therein kept alive by revivals, praise-meetings, and sensational preaching, are at one extreme to day; while Materialism, with its iconoclastic attitude toward them, and a less cool Agnosticism with a manifest indifference to spiritual things, are at the other. Moody and Evangelism on the one hand, balanced or compensated by Ingels and Infidelity on the other. In this condition there is acknowledged by free thought and free press, to be but just one living champion to meet the present materialistic tendency of the times, and that is, however, looked upon with or without favor, Spiritualism, meaning by this term, phenomenal Spiritualism. The speaker referred to the lecture of the morning where he had shown how public opinion by Spiritualism had been revolutionized; how its leaves was at work in all denominational loafs; how it was beating down the barriers of Materialism; and how men and women are thereby let into the apartments of Agnosticism, where they are thinking, and then doubting, and believing as never before in history, and then in this lecture showed how the innumerable facts and phenomena of Spiritualism confronting them, and how mediumship affected them, and how many upon study and processes of circumstantial found themselves possessors of spiritual gifts until large numbers are found espousing and advocating the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Facts, phenomena, and experiments have formed the true basis of all philosophies, the theories and beliefs that have stood the tests of time. There is not a religious belief among all nations, so far as known, but what has recognized supernatural, though often called supernatural phenomena among its acceptants, and with the exception of one, the Confucian or Chinese religion, they have all claimed their origin in direct spiritualistic or angelic manifestations. Phenomena, then, should always be investigated, no matter how seemingly trivial, insignificant or distasteful. Many occurrences in and of themselves, *per se*, were apparently insignificant, as many flippantly assert of the "rappings" and "tippings" of "alleged spirits." Yes, a rapping or movement in and of itself is simple and insignificant, but when we stop and consider the origin of the same, the intent of it, and then look out and see the influence and results; it is by majorities seen after all to be a force of significance and might. That there is need of the utmost caution in weighing all phenomena, especially the psychic and spiritual, and in accepting such for what it purports to be, must be admitted. But, he who thinks there is nothing in this universe beyond what his senses alone reveal is the victim of a delusion as great as that of the most credulous believer in marvels whom he would decry. We need in this day to keep our minds in a healthful poise between the credulity which too hastily affirms, and that stupid obstinacy which utterly denies.

The Church tells us often we have no need of phenomena to prove immortality, because faith is sufficient unto us. But it forgets that the faith it talks so much about rests upon alleged phenomena. Take away, said Mr. Baxter, effectively, from the life of Jesus the works and wonders he performed, and where had been your faith? Gone! *Non est!*

In speaking of the alleged supernatural, Mr. Baxter believed that all revelations ever given to the world, whether claimed as coming from God or whence, have been transmitted through human agencies. In support of this he cited many alleged instances, and very entertainingly and dramatically recalled and portrayed the Biblical accounts vividly, showing their absurdity aside from the figuring of Moses and Aaron, and others with their "Thus saith the Lord." He did not believe in the personal voicing and coming of a God with revelations, or that an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent God was consistently represented when "down here" hunting, because ignorant of the whereabouts of his man, and crying "Adam, where art thou?" He believed in scrutinizing all revelations, and testing properly all powers, whether the claims be that angels, spirits, or gods were manifesting.

Mr. Baxter criticised forcefully those individuals who so readily believed that gods, angels, and spirit-men once communicated and manifested from on high, and at the same time considered it absurd and impossible for spirits to hold intercourse in this day. Why the fact that spirits do return and manifest various ways to day, to me, is the greatest proof they probably did in Bible times. I don't quote the facts of old to support the present facts; but I frequently quote the to-day phenomena in substantiation of the probability of the recorded ancient.

I make no hesitation in saying, said Mr. Baxter, that I sincerely believe Spiritualism is destined to become the Savior of the world, for it carries its own proof with it.

For one hour after the evening lecture Mr. Baxter gave unmistakable proof of his astounding mediumship, giving a remarkable seance full of demonstrative evidence of the coming of spirits to him, and through him voicing communications, after giving complete identity of themselves by descriptions, characteristics, and names to their friends. So intense was the interest, a silence profound reigned, save when broken by demonstrations of astonishment or applause.

Dubuque, Iowa.

The dinner given by the Spiritualists Association of our city Thanksgiving was a very creditable affair. The ladies belonging to that body are numbered among our best people, and when they undertake to do anything they make a success as the poor children of our city who partook of that dinner, some three hundred in number, will bear testimony. About one o'clock the children began to gather at Liberty Hall, over the Grand Opera House, and by two o'clock the place was pretty well filled. They all felt jolly in anticipation of the good things they were to receive and they were not disappointed. The tables were loaded down with turkey, beef, chicken, ham, salads, potatoes, sauce, pickles, celery, nuts, candy, oranges, and other palatable things which go to make up a first-class dinner, and the little ones seemed to do full justice to the meal and will always remember with pleasure the Thanksgiving dinner at Liberty Hall. Due credit should be given the ladies who had to do the work to make such a grand success. The president of the association, Dr. Adams, did what he could, which was no small amount, to help the ladies in their arduous duties. It is found upon inquiry at the grocery store that the president has cheered the hearts of over two hundred persons besides those who partook of the dinner at the hall. He practices what he preaches, "do unto others as you would wish others to do to you," "live to bless humanity."

The teachers of the Sunday-school extended an invitation to all children to attend the meetings on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.—Daily Telegraph.

Notes From G. H. Brooks.

I intended to send a report to the LIGHT OF TRUTH ere this, but was unable to do so. Our first stop after leaving home was at Lake Geneva, Wis., where I found that all arrangements had been made through the energy of Mrs. Cowdry and Mrs. Henry, who also raised the means for the purpose. The meetings were held in the parlors of Mrs. Henry, and were well attended. Lake Geneva has not had any spiritual meetings for a number of years, and the interest and enthusiasm were well shown. There were some splendid mediums there. Mrs. Henry is a fine healer and medium, and so are her son-in-law, Mr. Waite and his wife. Dr. Williams is also a fine healer, though he does his work largely by magnetized paper and medicine. I understand he is doing a good work. We made our home at the residence of Mr. Cowdry, who, with his wife, did all they could to help the meetings along. Our stay there was altogether too short.

From there we went to our old home in Madison, and found matters, in a spiritual sense, the same, very quiet. When Spiritualism gets to be popular, then many in Madison, as well as in other places, will declare they have always been Spiritualists.

From Madison we went to Waukegan, where I was under an engagement to lecture for November. I found a good society, owning a good hall, out of debt, and seeking to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. Waukegan is the home of J. L. Potter, who was the State missionary for Minnesota for years, and who did a valiant work for both the cause and the old State Society that is no more. Mr. Potter received a stroke of paralysis December 14th last, and since that time has been confined to the house. His condition is truly sad, and it is a wonder to his friends that he remains in the body. Mr. Potter has lived in Waukegan for sixteen years, and during that time has lectured every Sunday, meeting with all kinds of abuse and slander, but keeping right on until now the friends have a hall, and have had for several years; also a good society, with the entire surrounding country liberalized and spiritualized. I had excellent attendance at all the meetings, closing with a full house. My Sundays were unpleasant and stormy, though it would be pleasant the entire week. I started a lyceum the second Sunday after my arrival, which was well attended; and before I came away they became organized with Mr. Wm. Hill as conductor, Miss Daisy Spooner as guardian, Miss L. Bell as treasurer, Miss D. Spooner as secretary; Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Bell, Miss Etta Baxter, and Mrs. Miller as teachers; Miss Etta Baxter as the leader of calisthenics. We raised money enough to purchase harness and have some left, and ere long there will be a well equipped lyceum in Waukegan.

This is a thing every society should have, and what I urge upon all societies, while I willingly help in building them up. I also organized the ladies into an aid society, which will do much effective work in the future. I feel that the society will do more good in the future than it has in the past year or so, and in that way keep the society alive. While at present it is impossible for them to have regular speaking, yet they can hold themselves together. I found no developed mediums here, but several circles are being held, which I think in time will develop something. Wisconsin has been to the cause of Spiritualism some of the finest mediums we have ever had, and she can do so again. Mrs. Potter is unable to help as she desires in the line of work, being kept at home to care for her husband, but her influence is felt in many ways.

I returned home Tuesday, and left again Thursday night for Kansas City, Mo., for the month of December.

Yours, G. H. BROOKS.

144 North Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS

Duluth, Minn.—Mrs. Colby Luther has just finished a very successful month here. The people are alive to the demands of truth disrobed from Christian or phenomenal dogmas.—Corr.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Dr. J. C. Hennessey writes that he and Mrs. Hennessey arrived there on the 19th ult., and are kept busy in the spiritual field. He says a good test medium or psychometrist is wanted there, and would do well. The doctor may be addressed at 29½ West First Street, Salt Lake, U. T.

Englewood, Ill.—Mrs. S. G. Mosher writes that she will open her parlors for spiritual meetings, and invites all the Spiritualists around and about this town to call at her residence, 647 Sixty-first Street, and make themselves known to her. Arrangements for meetings can be made as soon as a sufficient number have assigned their intention to organize.

Owosso, Mich.—Sunday, November 27th, found me with the Owosso Society of Spiritualists, who are in a quiet way making their influence felt. The morning service was marked by a full attendance of its members, besides a goodly number of investigators. A full house was had in the evening. Dr. U. D. Thomas will serve them in December.—Mrs. A. E. Sheets.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Brother J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, N. Y., has just closed his November engagement with us. We like him very much, and recommend him to other societies as a good and true worker for the cause. His address for December is 206 North Sixth Street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Moses Hull will be with us for December. Our place of meeting is Sevenson's Hall, 421 Milwaukee Street. Meetings every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.—H. C. Nick, President.

Texarkana, Tex.—The jury in the Tabor case returned a verdict awarding the plaintiff Mrs. M. A. Tabor \$1,500, damages against ex Mayor C. D. Dorian for false imprisonment. In May, '91, Mayor Dorian decided that Spiritualism was not a religion and had a medium, Mrs. Tabor, incarcerated for not taking out a fortune-tellers' license. The Federal Court returned a verdict against the Mayor. Spiritualism will not be confounded with fortune-telling in Texas again.

Aspen, Colo.—Mrs. and Mrs. Kates are to remain with us during December. Their work is having good effect upon our friends and the public. We are reorganizing upon a better basis. It is not far ahead when we shall have ability to own our edifice for meetings and be sustained in regular work. We have a fertile field and some earnest workers. In this scenic State of Colorado we should have a camp meeting, for the local attractions added to spiritual unfoldment sure to ensue would give us a leading place for effect in the cause of humanity. A Colorado Association of Spiritualists could readily be organized, and it is suggested.—Miner.

Detroit, Mich.—I am pleased to recognize the great improvement in the LIGHT OF TRUTH over the former publication, "The Better Way," which was in a way a newspaper—to be read and thrown aside. The LIGHT OF TRUTH is a journal worthy of recognition and preservation. The articles bearing on Americanism and American public schools are entitled to careful reading, and are upon subjects that Spiritualists and Reformers should give careful study and thought. Sectarianism when it begins with an R or a P should be relegated to their proper place, and never be permitted to enter the domain of the State.—W. J. M.

Hamilton, Can.—At the seance given last week the head master of one of our scholastic institutions was convinced of the fact of an unseen power combined with intelligence. Raps and relevant answers were very distinct, while the table moved and answered questions, when all hands were removed eighteen inches over the table; and this phenomena took place with a large lamp burning on a side table. Mr. G. Waldron, the trance medium, gave a stirring address on Sunday to a large audience, the subject chosen by the controlling spirit, being "The Savors of the World," and "Personal Responsibility." The work is steadily progressing, and many are becoming more and more interested.—Corr.

Franklin, Ind.—Mr. J. G. Sutton, of 178 S. Noble St., Anderson, held a seance here last week. The first spiritual meeting ever held in the town, with a circle of fifteen skeptics and under unfavorable conditions with grand results. Spirit friends talked very impressively. The medium's control, "Sam McVeah," gave one of his grand lectures on the truthfulness of spirit life, the many joys of the several spheres that he had passed through, and the kind of life to live here that we may enjoy this happiness in the spirit world. Mr. Sutton has lately developed the trumpet and musical manifestation phase of mediumship, but his tests are grand and convincing. Could we have more such mediums the truth of Spiritualism would be made manifest.—J. W. Eppard.

Rochester, Ind.—All Indianapolis people, desiring to attend the quarterly meeting State Association of Spiritualists, to be held at Rochester, Ind., from Dec. 15th to 18th inclusive, can procure tickets via L. E. & W., for \$3.95 for round trip for ten persons or more.

Come and join us in having a good time. Good speakers, a new hall with fine appointments and good hotel accommodations at lowest possible rates.

[M. Bitters and son add to this that all mediums will be entertained free of charge; that Mrs. Richards will deliver an address on the 16th, and that a good time may be expected.]

Denver, Colo.

"The Colorado Institute of Spiritualism" is the name of a new organization of Spiritualists established here under the laws of Colorado. While there has been a number of Spiritualists in this city, very little has been done in the past to set our light on a candle stick. Excellent teachers and mediums have paid short visits and gone on their way.

Mediums, too, who lacking honesty of purpose, have done much to impair and retard any spiritualistic attempt of doing good. It has been determined by a few resolute souls to build up an institution in this city that will stand for Spiritualism, purity, honesty, and character.

The society will welcome the genuine from any quarter. Mediums with the endorsement of spiritual societies and the spiritual press will always be well received. Mediums without such endorsements will be severely alone. We have secured excellent headquarters at 1747 Arapahoe Street, where Sunday services are held. Addresses delivered by our president, F. A. Brady, is an inspirational speaker of remarkable power. And though but a recent convert to our beautiful thought, he is doing a splendid work. Audiences of five to six hundred people listen to his discourses, and all go away delighted.

These addresses are followed by tests by Mrs. Bartholmes, an excellent medium who has won a host of friends here, and whose daily life is beyond reproach. Miss Barnes, a new-comer from California, has given some excellent tests of her mediumship.

A lyceum will be organized for our youth. The ladies are doing an excellent work giving weekly socials. We propose to push the circulation of spiritualistic journals. The writer will be glad to communicate any intelligence regarding Colorado and our beautiful city within his power. Persons proposing to come here wishing to obtain information on business matters are invited to write us. Visitors are urged to call upon us at our headquarters.

We invite correspondence and feel that our mission here is of importance to this State and we will delight in being useful in any way to our friends in all quarters of our common country. Letters should be addressed

V. M. CAMIE,
Corresponding Sec'y.

1747 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

Louisville, Ky.

R. H. Kneeshaw, late of England, was our speaker on Sunday the 4th inst. His afternoon subject was the "Devotional Aspect of Spiritualism." In the evening the audience submitted the subjects, which were the following: "Jesus Christ, His Standing as a Teacher and Reformer," "What is a Sin Against the Holy Ghost," and "The Messenger to David—Was He Man or Spirit?" The speaker lectured in a forcible, eloquent, and impressive manner, that awakened hearty applause from an appreciative audience. Each of his lectures was supplemented by clairvoyant tests, many of which were emphasized by full names. All his tests were recognized.

Mr. Kneeshaw is engaged for this Church through the month of December, and other societies would do well to avail themselves of his services, for he has but few equals as a forcible exponent of Modern Spiritualism. He may be addressed during this month at 328 Chapel Street, Louisville, Ky. Yours truly,

H. R. Wardell.

PROGRESSION.

MRS. M. E. GRAHAM.

Onward, still onward through the ages
That year of progress takes its way,
O'erthrowing ancient landmarks
That obstruct truth's bright ray.

Men known to fame with tongue and pen
Strive to check its onward speed,
But the messages it carries
Go to meet the people's need.

Messages of love to lighten
Bu'ns that are hard to bear,
Messages of joy and gladness,
To the sorrowing everywhere.

They may stand with hands uplifted,
Eyes upraised to heaven in prayer,
But they cannot stay its progress—
Error's doom is in the air.

Errors that have held in bondage
Millions in the years bygone,
One by one are being buried,
Unmae by monument or stone.

Still the car goes steadily forward,
Over hills and through the vales,
And the clarion note has sounded,
Truth or error shall prevail.

Never can its speed be slackened,
Progress in the van must lead,
And these men of creeds and college
Would do well this note to heed.

Have they, think you, any knowledge
Or divine the hidden source
From whence come their doubts and queries
That assail them with such force?

Would they credit the assertion?
Did you see the rays that lay
That were heard in obscure Hydeville
Have produced those mighty claps,

That have shook to their foundations
Temples built on credulity,
Throwing down their cherished idols
Never to be lifted more?

Do they know 'twas little children
Rent the temple's veil in twain
That let in the flood of sunshine
On their bible-clouded brain?

That has made them loathe the dogma,
And their tongues refuse to tell
Of a creed at once so monstrous,
Of span-long infant paved hell?

Then their higher criticisms
Of the book they did adore;
How they labored to believe it;
How they doubt it more and more.

Then let us be up and doing,
Helping on the glorious plan
To root out bigotry and error
And elevate the coming man.

They were two muscular sun-browned sons
Ere enjoying their schooner of mixed ale
In a Third Avenue liquor saloon after a hard day's
Toil. Their mortar-spattered clothing and
limb eaten boots indicated that their calling
was that of masons' helpers. They were talking of walking delegates and the possibility of more strikes in the building trades, when a poke-bonneted Salvation Army lassie entered the saloon and importuned its patrons to buy the War Cry, the army's official organ. Approaching Pat and his friend, she thrust a paper between the two and asked:

"Have a War Cry, sir?"

Pat put his half-drawn schooner of mixed ale on the bar and inquired dryly:

"War is it? Who's the war betune?"

"Between God and the devil, sir," promptly replied the paper-vender.

"Sure, then, let him fight it out betune himself. I'll have nothin' to do with it," and Pat resumed his ale and his interrupted conversation with his friend, and the S. A. girl left the place with a full stock of the War Cry.—N. Y. Sun.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Mrs. Ada Foye's permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Will C. Hodge may be addressed at Rochester, Ind., during this month.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Kichings speaks at Anderson, Ind., during December.

Mrs. Celia Loucks will make engagements for fall and winter to lecture. Address Findlay, O.

G. Figley will accept lecture engagements. Terms given on application. Address at Danbury, Ohio.

Mrs. Mott Knight has left New York City for Jureks Springs, Ark., to recuperate her health for a few weeks.

Lyman C. Howe, speak four Sundays in Louisville, Ky., beginning Nov. 13. Address 115 West Chestnut Street.

Mrs. Edie Moss, materializing medium, will be in New York City during November. Address 920 Sixth Avenue.

W. A. Mansfield is located at present at 1426 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, O. Will visit neighboring towns at intervals.

P. L. O. A. Keeler, slate writer, is in Cleveland, O., stopping at "The Hollenden." He remains there for the winter.

Prof. J. M. Allen's address for the present is 112 Seventh Street, San Bernardino, Cal., in which city he is engaged for the present.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of 210 West 40th street, New York City, holds seances for materialization every Tuesday evening and Saturdays at 2 p. m.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss, may be addressed at 623 N. 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Materializing seances Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 2 p. m.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., has been engaged by the Rockford, Mich., Society of Spiritualists for their regular quarterly meeting December 10th and 11th.

Mrs. Anna Ovis, a remarkable inspirational speaker, has two open months the early part of '93, and can be addressed 439 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Will C. Hodge, who is now located at Chicago, desires engagements in the lecture field for winter months. Will make terms reasonable. Address 315 West Van Buren Street.

Mrs. L. A. Grove desires to serve societies as platform test and musical medium. Those wishing her services can address her at 277 North Nineteenth Street, Columbus, O.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements; will also speak at funerals. Address, 4954 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Many testify to the correctness of readings on all business, social, and domestic matters given by Mrs. Maggie Stewart. Price 5c and stamps. Address, 264 E. Main Street, Piqua, O.

Mrs. J. W. Miner, trance speaker and psychometrist, is now ready to respond to all calls for platform work. Permanent address 1200 East Twenty-fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Geo. H. Brooks may be addressed during the month of December, care of C. H. Gates, cor. of 21th and Holly Streets, Kansas City, Mo. Will accept week-day engagements and attend funerals.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Lora Holton musical test medium and psychometrist, will answer calls for platform work for societies in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at reasonable terms. Address her at Vicksburg, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

Frank T. Ripley, will lecture and give tests at 2762 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, during the month of December, 1892. Mr. Ripley will accept week night engagements, during December in Ohio to lecture and give tests.

Societies or parties wishing the services of an inspirational speaker for Sundays, week-evenings or funerals, can address Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Grand Lodge, Mich. P. O. Box 853. She has not closed all dates for the winter months.

E. J. Bowtell speaks at Pawtucket, R. I., December 4th and 5th; Malden, Mass., December 11th; First Spiritual Temple, Newbury Street, Boston; December 18th; Lowell, Mass., January 5th; Salem, Mass., March 5th. Address 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Willard J. Hull will speak in Indianapolis the Sundays of December for the Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists. Those desiring his services for week evenings can reach him at that city, and mail should be addressed 183 East Tennessee Street, care Mrs. W. H. Parmelee.

J. W. Dennis, has accepted a call from Marshalltown, Iowa, for the month of December. His address will be 206 North Sixth Street. Mr. Dennis will answer calls in the vicinity for week day evenings, and wishes to make an engagement for January, 93. Permanent address 120 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

G. W. Kates and wife desire to arrange their camp-meeting route for the season of 1893 so that engagements will make an orderly itinerary. They lecture and give tests. Applications are solicited not later than January. Also desire offers from societies for season of 1893-94. Address 234 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed during this month at Crown Point, Ind. During January, '93, at Duluth, Minn., February and March at Cincinnati, O., April at Pittsburgh, Pa., May at Washington, D. C., June, Western New York, July and August, campmeetings, September and October are open dates. November and December of 1893, are engaged.

Subtle and Fine.

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